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FRANCES STUART PARKER



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REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS

*"Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!"*

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

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FRANCES STUART PARKER

EARLY LIFE, BOSTON

CORA WHEELER

Frank Stuart, only daughter of Calvin Stuart and Dorothy Furbush, was born in Boston, April 19, 1847. In the father and mother may be traced the characteristics which blended happily in the artistic temperament of the daughter. Quiet and philosophical, yet full of dry wit and with a fund of mimicry and an appreciation of the dramatic, Mr. Stuart was devoted to his home and eminently adapted to make it happy. Mrs. Stuart was a most rare spirit, and her character, both strong and sweet, had a great influence on all who knew her. She loved poetry and music, and was in sympathy with nature, having great love of the beautiful and a remarkable talent for decoration. Her strong sense of justice and the religious bent of her mind are also to be noted.

With such an inheritance, it is not strange that we find Frank Stuart during her school days an unusually bright and attractive girl. One of the teachers to whom she always felt that she owed much writes as follows:

"I can see her now, a sprightly little girl of seven or eight years, — I wish I could sketch her on paper as she is sketched in my mind, — slender, light-haired, with a look as if she knew that she were doing better, anyway, than some of those around her. I found her exceedingly mature, brilliant far above her classmates in rendering the meaning of any thing which she read — a foretaste, perhaps, of her signal success as teacher of elocution. Oh, how enjoyable it was to teach her! I can truly say that never, among the hundreds of children whom I have carried through the earlier grades, has there been a brighter, more interesting child, in

every way, than Frankie Stuart. Next or equal to her fondness for elocution was her love of flowers; she loved to possess them, to plant and rear them in her own little garden. She would, when she went away on her summer vacation, exact a promise from her parents that they would send some of the first blooming flowers to her teacher, between whom and herself there was ever a most loving understanding."

As a young woman, Frank Stuart was brilliant and vivacious, always ready with a witty rejoinder or an anecdote or quotation appropriate to the occasion or to the theme under discussion. She attracted young friends in great numbers, and the City Point house was a rendezvous for many bright people. She was married quite early in life, and before she was twenty was the mother of two children, Mabel (now the wife of George Rolfe of Cambridge, son of W. J. Rolfe, the Shakespearian critic) and Edna (Mrs. Thomas Hill Shepard of Brookline).

Her devoted love for these children and their almost adoring worship of her filled a large place in her life, and will be recalled by all who knew her in her home. As they grew older, she was to them a companion and a good comrade as well as a tender mother. Some extracts from letters written by her to the elder daughter, while the children were in the country for the summer vacation, give a glimpse of the wise and loving mother thoughtfulness, and account for the confidence which always existed between the mother and daughters:

"I am glad that you are out so much; I look forward to seeing a great, rosy, strong girl come back to me. Is Edna getting fat? Don't let her play too hard. Tell her I send her some pictures, and I want her to write a composition on them."

"I want so to see you both that I feel anxious for fear some harm will happen to you. Be careful, my darlings, of yourselves, for I should be a desolate mamma if my babies should be hurt. Now for some directions which I want my daughter to follow *implicitly*. She must be very careful to look neat



OLD HOME AT CITY POINT

and clean always. She must not go out to walk without some of the ladies or girls. She must remember that Mrs. ——— and the rest will judge by her something of what kind of a mother she has, and if she is not polite, well-bred, unselfish, and, above all, reserved and discreet, will blame her mother for it. I know you are so womanly and love me so much that I can be sure you will do nothing to grieve me."

Cottage City, Aug. 7, 1881.

My dear Mabel,—Your lovely letter came last evening, and I was delighted to receive it. I have had so few letters from my daughter that I began to feel as if I had now only a methodical young person, whose banker I was, and not my loving little girl, who told me all sorts of things, and whose precious little confidences were very dear to me. But it is all right now, and I hope you will see to it that the young person is repressed in the future, and that I receive letters only from my *daughter*.

I should like very much to have Bessie with you. She is a charming little lady, and I like her. There is only one objection—and that does not trouble me much, for you begin to realize that you are a sort of a mother to Edna. I think I half fear that you and Bessie will be so fond of each other that you will shut Edna out of the good time. Please remember, dearie, that she is your sister, whom you are to love dearly, in order that she may love and look up to you, and that you are to have her enjoy the summer as much as you and Bessie are enjoying it, and it will be all right. Mamma has perfect confidence that it will, and so is glad to have Bessie go.

Now, "Lovely," I want you to romp all the four weeks that you are gone. Romp, forget that you are Miss Stuart of the Boston Latin School, and just put on your oldest dress and stay out of doors all the time. Pick berries, drive the cows home, find wild flowers, climb trees, and everything else that you can think of, do, except read. I don't want you to look at a book while you are gone. You will have enough of that next winter.

"I've had some very pleasant pupils this year. I wish you could meet them. They will hardly believe that I have a daughter so large, and think I must be trying to fool them. Col. Parker called me Miss Stuart so persistently that I had to tell him I have a daughter taller than myself. He is to be Edna's supervisor next year. Tell her that he has new ideas on the spelling question, and that she will probably reap the benefit of them."

Mrs. Stuart's dramatic talent and fine literary taste had long been recognized by her teachers and friends, and it was suggested that she should study elocution with Prof. Lewis B. Monroe. At the age of twenty-nine, she entered the Boston University School of Oratory, and for three years studied under the famous teachers of that institution, among whom were Lewis B. Monroe; Alex. Graham Bell, the inventor of the Bell telephone, and at that time teacher of articulation and visible speech; Henry Hudson, the Shakespearian critic; and Robert R. Raymond, whose Shakespearian readings have never been equalled in this country. She afterwards became an assistant teacher in the school. After the death of Prof. Monroe, Prof. Raymond established the Boston School of Oratory as an independent institution, and Mrs. Stuart became his able assistant, having charge of the department of Voice and Delsarte System of Gesture.

Of Mrs. Stuart at this time Genevieve Stebbins, now Mrs. Astley, writes:

To her powerful influence on dramatic art and literary interpretation hundreds of grateful pupils testify; no one could come under Mrs. Stuart's teaching without having higher ideals, clearer insight, and a lasting impulse towards better living. She was intensely loyal to the school, admiring and reverencing the genius of Prof. Raymond, the principal. She never lost an opportunity of impressing upon the pupils the value of his illustrative work, while he, on his part, gladly admitted the benefit derived from association with her. He depended upon her to prepare the pupils, in awakened

observation and stimulated thought as well as in voice and gesture, for his classes. It was an ideal association, and pupils will gratefully remember how these two supplemented each other in the work of the school.

Early in her professional life, Mrs. Stuart became exceedingly interested in the study of voice and was for some time a pupil of Dr. Guilmette. Possessed of a fine musical sense, she was able so to assimilate the exercises given as to use her own beautiful voice with perfect freedom and ease, to the best advantage, and also to impress upon her pupils the importance of this part of the work and the essential points in the production of a voice equal to the demands of dramatic expression. The clearness of her illustrations, her patient persistence, and, above all, her faith in the pupil's ability to do the seemingly impossible thing, can never be forgotten.

This applies to all her teaching. It was inspiring, appealing always to the best and strongest in the natures about her. Of only one thing was she impatient or intolerant — insincerity. This she detected at once, and, knowing that it was fatal to all true art, she used all her tact and power, even sometimes the surgeon's knife of sarcasm, to reach the real self and awaken it to true expression.

Two of her characteristic observations show her way of impressing truth: "Egotism in a person is like a Chinese wall built around him; it excludes all impressions from outside, and makes progress absolutely impossible." "Self-consciousness, arising from latent fear of what others will think of us, is not modesty, but vanity."

Mrs. Stuart's influence on the stage, during this period, was greater than perhaps was realized at the time. Her criticisms were sought for and highly valued, and those among her pupils who have devoted themselves to acting have always upheld her ideal of truth in art.

The following estimates of Mrs. Parker's work and influence are from those who had the opportunity of knowing it from different standpoints. Mary Shaw, a favorite Boston actress, writes:

The impression Frank Stuart made on me was very great, for my first meeting with her was at the time I went on the stage. I was then impressionable and susceptible, and Mrs. Stuart was among the very first distinguished people I met. She was the intimate friend of people who were greatly interested in my career, and I remember distinctly receiving a note to call on her, as she had something of interest to say to me. It all comes back to me very vividly. The cordial hand-clasp of a graceful, lovely woman, who in reply to my diffident "Is this Mrs. Stuart?" put me entirely at ease by recognizing me and immediately transported me to the seventh heaven of gratification by adding: "You are very talented, and I hope you will not be annoyed, for, at the request of a friend, I am going to tell you some grave faults you have." And she did, impressing on me the fact of how easy it was to change them before they had hardened into mannerisms. After that we had many talks. I was greatly influenced by her splendid enthusiasm and artistic insight. My work took me away from Boston for a couple of years, and when I returned I was preparing to play in a Shakespearian repertoire. I again went to her for help, and she advised me to study the plays in which I was to appear with Prof. Raymond. No actor or student I have ever met could compare with him in knowledge or sympathy with Shakespearian rôles. I owe Mrs. Stuart a debt of gratitude for interesting him in my behalf. For I can truly say that all the impulse to study out the truth and beauty of Shakespeare's characters was imbibed from his matchless magnetism and knowledge. I seldom saw her in the succeeding years, and then only for a few moments in a social way. But I am sure there are many who, like me, can trace much of the best and most vital influences of their early professional life to her unerring sympathy and love of art. And I should say that her influence on dramatic art was by reason of her fine enthusiasm, which she made an inspiration to her pupils, teaching them to admire and appreciate the power of expression. I am very glad to have the opportunity of applying this tribute to



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER AT 35 YEARS

a woman who was always so helpful and generous to women. Among the women teachers in the Temple of Art, it seems to me we have had few so sincere and gifted as Frank Stuart Parker.

Franklin H. Sargent, of the New York School of Dramatic Art, says:

Mrs. Stuart was a teacher in the Monroe School of Oratory, in Boston, while I was a student there. I was, from the start of my acquaintance with her, impressed with her remarkable abilities as a teacher, the thoroughness and unusual taste she displayed in her work.

She was one of the few elocutionists who had keen appreciation of the æsthetic, and made a fine study of the scientific. She impressed me, above all else, as a thorough technician. In my own case, many a difficult problem she helped solve when other teachers blinded me.

Something, perhaps a great deal, of her success as a teacher was due to her charming personal qualities and her responsiveness to the needs of a pupil. Her teaching was essentially personal; I mean it showed a profound appreciation of the individual pupil's temperamental qualities and sensibilities.

I remember, when she became the wife of Colonel Parker and removed to Chicago, the loss that I, in common with many others who had studied with her, felt. I had many communications from her, in which we discussed questions of particularly pantomimic technique, which letters, unfortunately, I have not preserved. I saw her but once after she left Boston, when I called upon her at her home, and found, in conversation, that her work had ripened even more, and that her pedagogic knowledge had greatly increased under the impulse given her at that time in that direction by her husband.

Mrs. Parker had a wonderful appreciation of the abilities of others, particularly of other teachers, and seemed to infallibly know the peculiar strength or weakness of each teacher that she came in contact with.

I am very regretful that my remembrances are of such a general character. The old days with Professor Monroe, while they glow in my memory, have become somewhat covered by the mist of the past, for I am, like an actor, constantly facing the footlights and blinded by them to many of the realities and recollections of life.

Mrs. Louise Peabody Sargent, a dear friend and pupil, says:

Mrs. Parker was one of the strong influences in my life. She chose me as a friend (I was many years her junior), and she was kindness and devotion itself. She had the faculty of seeing the capabilities and talents of her students, and she always kept them up to their standard, if possible, in a kindly, interested way. She had a remarkable mother, who kept entirely in her home circle and yet had a wide and beneficent influence.

Mrs. Parker had great power and dominating influence, but it was always exerted evenly and kindly.

I never knew her unjust; she was often severe, but necessarily so. Her insight into character was keen, and I know of two instances, at least, where she was the only one of many who read the true character of pretenders. Even Professor Monroe was deceived in these cases, and I thought she must be mistaken, but time proved her to be in the right.

I always associate her with books. She always had a well-selected, choice library, even when it was small, and I felt sure no valueless books could be found in the great library she afterward owned.

Flowers, too, were seemingly a part of her. From earliest spring to latest fall she wore flowers, had them with her in her rooms, and gave them to her friends, to the children, and to the sick. An immense flower garden was hers at City Point, where the continuous bloom gave delight to all her many friends. She got at the best always, the heart of life, of her friends, books, flowers; hers was always the genius for selection.

She commanded the devotion of her friends. She was a leader. She had the courage of her convictions, and was

a reformer, always, however, in the quiet, refined way, for she had exquisite taste and refinement. She was one, rather, who led others to a better standard, a higher life. She was liberal and broad-minded, and forgiving, and mourned over those who did not keep upright in the path of life.

Mrs. Genevieve Stebbins Astley, of New York, has given the following description of Mrs. Parker and her early work:

A great pair of eager eyes, a fine, sensitive mouth, a broad, intellectual brow. Such is the picture living in my memory as it goes meandering backward in thought twenty-one years ago and sees its original image in 1878, standing up before a class in Professor Monroe's School of Oratory, Boston, reciting a tender little Irish piece.

My coming there was to fulfil the double function of student and teacher. James Steele Mackaye, the first lecturer of the system of Delsarte in America, had been announced in Boston. He was unable to keep his engagement, and so sent me, then his most advanced pupil, to represent him at the School. I gave the lessons, and Mrs. Stuart, as she was then, asked me to exchange lessons with her. Later I went to live in her house, and the sweet companionship of those student days can never be forgotten. Long into the midnight hours—sometimes—we both talked, built fairy castles, and planned and dreamed realizations of artistic ideals, and even now these faint memories seem to bring back once again the sweet perfumes of those Elysian days spent in loving comradeship.

The following fall, she became a teacher in the Boston School of Oratory, the summer having been spent with me by the sea.

Again we worked and played and took long walks together. A picture now comes before me as she sat under a great tree by the water—bough of red berries in her hand—we were reading Browning together, and she looked so bright and loving and full of genius that I thought such another soul must have been Mrs. Browning.

Mrs. Stuart Parker was a rare combination of the exquisite woman with the keen intellectual acumen of the man.

Her breadth of view was so large; not one atom of petty femininity. A grand womanhood was in all her views. She was a loyal friend, if ever she once became one, needing no protestation.

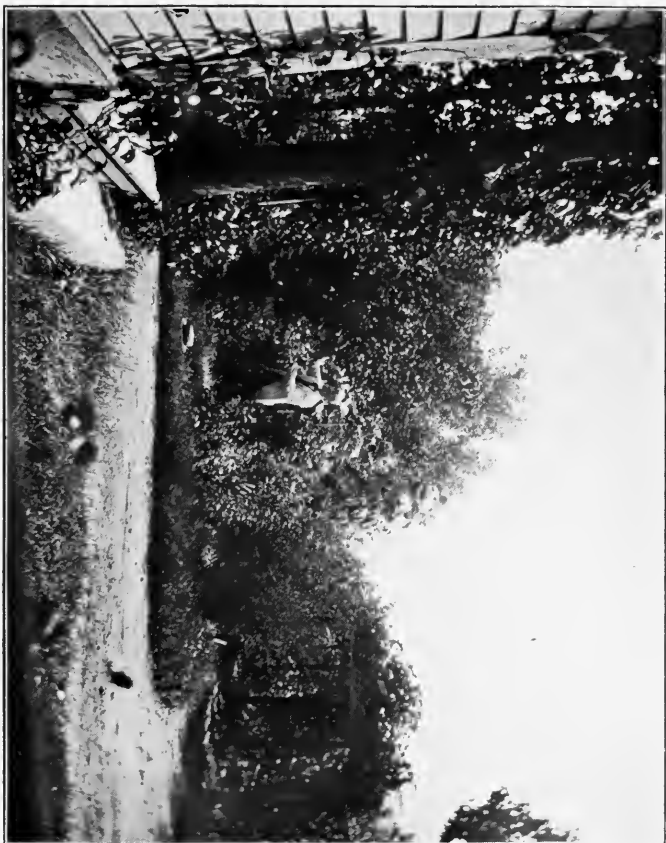
Her marriage with Colonel Parker separated us in the body (but never in the spirit), for she went to live in Chicago, but I always felt as sure of her spiritual love and sympathy as if our lives still ran side by side.

Our artistic and intellectual studies together were those of alternating pupil and teacher, she giving me elocutionary work, I giving her interpretation, drama, and Delsarte. So my reminiscence is, perforce, a personal one. I know that, in the larger class and lecture use of her fine method, she was an inspiration to her pupils. May the future, in that higher life, bring us again together in an unbroken, spiritual companionship, eternal in the heavens.

To the hearts of many friends, of those who knew Mrs. Parker as a teacher, of many others who knew her as a writer, lecturer, and educator, comes as a great sorrow the death of this gifted, widely-known, and beloved woman.

Her absolute sincerity and fearlessness, her scorn of everything that savored of affectation, her broad and intelligent criticism, her clear insight, added to an unusual tact and charm of manner, gave her a wonderful influence over her pupils — an influence that must make itself felt throughout their lives. Her study was the study of humanity. Everything that she did was instinct with love of truth in its highest forms. Although often struggling with physical weakness, her brave spirit enabled her to accomplish a wonderful amount of work. Her ideals were high, and she was ever critical of her own achievements, always seeking for some better or clearer way of presenting her subject.

It was as a teacher and friend that the writer had the privilege of knowing Frank Stuart Parker, and she would here lovingly and reverently acknowledge the great impetus and inspiration that she owes to the wise counsel, the tender sympathy and encouragement, and especially the searching criticism of this clear-headed, strong-hearted woman.



GARDEN AT CITY POINT

After making her home in the West, her interest in her husband's work led her to give herself more and more to the cause of general education. Lecturing and reading at many institutes and clubs, she always illustrated, in her own attractive manner and finely-trained voice, the true principles of elocution, and in her influence the power of the well-poised, broadly-cultured woman.

Those who have been privileged to join an informal home-group and listen to her reading from Browning or Emerson, and her talk afterward about the inner meanings of the poems, have seen her at her very best, and may well be thankful for the remembrance.

Easter morning broke for her with the new light of divine revelation. Now, with yet clearer insight, she rejoices in the spiritual truth and beauty that through her earthly life she sought so earnestly.

"On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

FAMILY AND HOME LIFE, CHICAGO

MARTHA FLEMING

Mrs. Parker touched life at so many points that it might be thought she had little time and strength to give her home. Yet it was in the home that she was seen at her best, and one privileged to come and go freely felt everywhere the presence of the thoughtful, loving wife, mother, and daughter.

Upon her marriage to Colonel Francis W. Parker, in 1883, she took into her heart education in all its phases. Her love for her husband was the motive force in her life. Theirs was an all-sided companionship — intellectual as well as spiritual — a partnership of work as well as of affection and congenial pursuits. They were friends as well as lovers. With her he could talk over all his theories and plans. She was in perfect sympathy with his ideals and purposes in life and education. Their work-desks stood side by side in the same study. She collaborated with him in all he wrote, stimulating and spurring him on not only by her deep sympathy, but by her suggestions and her criticisms — for she was his most unsparing, unflinching critic. The following dedication to "Talks on Pedagogics" is his loving acknowledgment of his indebtedness to her:

"This book is lovingly dedicated to my wife, Frank Stuart Parker, who has assisted very much in the preparation of every page, as well as in all my work as a teacher."

Many of his educational battles she fought for him. In times of trouble, when one of these annual battles was being waged against his thought and methods by the school board, her devotion took the practical form of personal interviews with newspaper men and others in influence, and these were often won over by her clear intellectual grasp of the situation and her personal power in presenting it. Indeed, after her death he often remarked, "She, not I, was the fighter."

She was resourceful, tactful, courteous, determined in all these conflicts, yet with it all so quiet, so charmingly womanly that she never seemed intrusive or aggressive. Only her enthusiasm for the cause of education and her deep faith in her husband's vision made it possible for her to take the initiative, as she often did in these struggles, and when the work was done she made such haste to efface herself that she was never in the public eye, and she had such a keen sense of the fitness of things that she never embarrassed him or put him in a false position by her support.

She took the greatest pride in his success as a public speaker. He had studied with her to improve his voice and public speaking before their marriage, and she was always his teacher. The following is from a report on his speech made in Madison, Wis., at the National Educational Association, 1884, by Bardeen, editor of the "New York School Bulletin," Syracuse, N. Y.:

"The Massachusetts men claim that Colonel Parker is a bull in a china closet, and exhibit, whenever he appears, a pitiable quandary between anxiety to save their hand-decorated systems by driving him out and apprehension to escape his horns in the operation. There did not seem to be a genuine bull-fighter among them. They were all of that subordinate order of prinked-up attendants whose office is to throw goading rosettes into the bull's flanks, and the Colonel didn't madden worth a cent. He stood up, cool, collected, good-natured, master of the situation.

"By the way, how he has improved since he married! Everybody knew that his necktie would be kept straight, but few anticipated such a progress in his manner of public speaking. Everybody spoke of it at Madison, and one or two were sharp enough to observe that, wherever the Colonel was, not far away was an attractive little woman with dark hair and nervously intent manner, watching every point of the discussion, flushing when a point was made against her husband, and smiling in co-operative triumph when he turned upon his opponents and routed them. Our word for it, she can repeat more of the discussion afterwards than

he can, and it is to the review of such discussions under her critical judgment that he owes his rapid advance in the art of oratory."

They always took their vacation together, hand in hand, with the abandon of children, for they found in each other's company inexhaustible entertainment. Dressing herself for the occasion, she would fish, tramp, climb mountains side by side with her husband, or camp out for the night, as the old soldier loved at times to do.

They never tired of perpetrating droll jokes on each other. He would often wake her in the morning by bits of impassioned, mock oratory on the most trivial subjects, or read with the soberest voice the most astonishing news from the morning papers until the absurdity of the exaggeration betrayed him. They were comrades in play and comrades in work.

Gradually she gave up her own chosen work, that she might devote all her talents, time, and energy to assisting her husband in working out his ideals. This was not accomplished without an inward struggle, for literature and the art of expression satisfied the demand and longings of her artistic nature, but her love and admiration for her husband and her belief in his theories of reform appealed to that which was deepest and strongest in her nature — an abiding love for children and for humanity.

On her marriage she left her friends and home in Boston, and with her two daughters moved to Chicago. They built a home in Englewood, near the Cook County Normal School. Mrs. Parker planned this house and superintended the building, decorating, and furnishing. It was, as far as possible, an expression of her idea of a home. The grounds were large and well kept.

From early spring until late autumn there was always a profusion of flowers. The coloring of the interior was soft and restful, and although the whole was very simple it always gave the effect of richness and elegance. Books were everywhere. A few choice pictures and pieces of bric-à-brac added their special charm, the whole effect being artistic and



GARDEN AT ENGLEWOOD

harmonious, for she had a marvellous talent for cozy arrangement and was as sensitive to color effects as she was to delicate shades of tone in the human voice. To deprive herself of these refined and dainty surroundings meant self-denial and heroism. With all her varied and exacting outside interests, Mrs. Parker was an accomplished housekeeper. She had reduced housekeeping to a system, which covered every detail and economized both time and strength. This enabled her to dispense, without apparent effort, that charming hospitality for which she was distinguished. Educators and other noted people interested in Colonel Parker's work were constantly coming and going. These Mrs. Parker counted it her privilege to entertain. Her cordial manner, responsiveness, keen wit, and quick repartee added color and light to the more serious problems that were often discussed about this table. There was entire freedom from restraint and conventionality — every guest felt himself to be a part of the family, partaking freely of its rich intellectual life, as well as of the more material comforts of a well-ordered home.

This home was the centre of a large circle of friends. Teachers and pupils felt free to come and go. The faculty of the Normal School held many famous meetings in the beautiful rooms. Mrs. Parker was always present at these meetings, alert, keen, active, helpful, a harmonious spirit moving among these earnest workers. One who was privileged to enter into the home life of Mrs. Parker as an intimate friend soon acquired the habit of going there not only for intellectual stimulus, but for comfort in loss and sorrow, and for that inspiration and uplifting of spirit which not only quiets pain, but turns thought away from self towards the larger issues of life, and makes it possible for the sore heart to enter into the world's work again with enthusiasm and joy. Her own eye was fixed on the great things of life in the individual as well as the universal. She was one of those

“Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole.”

Petty things dwindled into insignificance in her presence.

She was perfectly fearless when she thought a principle was at stake, and had the courage, whether the cause was popular or unpopular, to range herself on the side which seemed to her right.

Aristocratic to the finger-tips by birth, she was in thought, feeling, and action intensely democratic, always demanding that liberty for the individual which would give him freedom to work out his own salvation. Her attitude towards the dress reform for women, her courage in wearing unconventional dress, her constant cry that the children should not be hampered with the barbarisms of fashion, and so robbed of the best days of their lives, her association with the cause of suffrage and with the different clubs and organizations for the advancement of women, as well as her vigorous defence of the Cook County Normal School and of her husband's aims in education when they were misunderstood and reviled, all attest her courage, strength, independence, and force of character. So much power in one so delicately organized, so dainty and intensely feminine in all her ways, was always surprising.

Hers was an intellectual and spiritual force rather than physical. Her personality was remarkable, permeating the home, the school, the social circle; one always felt her presence. There was a charm of grace, a distinction of manner about her, difficult to define. Her well-trained voice was low, rich, and mellow, with a peculiar vibrant quality that haunted the ear; her hand was strong, firm, and expressive; her carriage regal, even when she was ill and weak. All her gestures were quiet and graceful, delicately supplementing what she was saying.

She was keenly sensitive to beauty in nature and in art, and was one of the strongest supporters of nature study in the elementary schools and of field excursions for the children, when these were calling out the most vigorous protests and ridicule from the newspapers and school men. She felt deeply the demand made by all children for pictures, music, and beauty of surroundings, and made many eloquent appeals for these in the school.

Mrs. Parker's life was too full of practical work to allow her to write much. "Some day" she hoped to write a book on "The Function of Expression in Education." Of this she talked very often, but only a small beginning was ever made. The chapters on Expression in Colonel Parker's "Talks on Pedagogics" voiced her thought on the subject. Of her little book, "Order of Exercises," the "Independent" writes:

"We have read this book by Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker with interest. We expected to find it somewhat of an exposition of the Delsarte theories, but find instead a very sensible guide for teachers in systematically conducting physical and elocutionary exercises. This is a subject in which the wise living teacher is worth far more than any book; and undoubtedly those who have had some training under Mrs. Parker will get the most good out of her book. Its purpose is not to teach 'elocution' in the old sense of the term, but to develop a good voice and a body capable of using it to express whatever of soul there is within. The directions for practice and the tables of exercises are extremely sensible."

A pamphlet, "Dress and How to Improve It," discusses the adaptation of dress to the individual, and gives practical suggestions on breathing as well as on dress. It appeals strongly to common sense, and has some beautiful illustrations of truly artistic gowns in actual wear. Her belief was that conventional dress may be modified so as to give freedom, comfort, and beauty to the wearer.

Of Mrs. Parker's public addresses almost nothing has been preserved in writing. She spoke for the most part extemporaneously along a line usually carefully premeditated.

Art and literature were to her unfailing sources of refreshment and joy. She was a deep student of Shakespeare, Emerson, and Browning, and interpreted them with rare insight into the intellectual and spiritual significance of their works. She was always ready with some newly-discovered beauty to give to the friends who gathered about her. To know her was to come into close communion not only with the great masters, but with literature in general, for she was a

wide reader, and catholic in her taste. The well-known Sunday evenings at home played a great part in the life and pleasure of those privileged to be within the charmed circle.

Books were a great solace to Mrs. Parker through all the long, weary months of her last illness. A light was arranged just over her bed, and many a night, when sleep was denied, she found in them forgetfulness of pain, rest and comfort. At this time, it was her greatest delight to read to the friends who called to see her whatever appealed to her sense of humor, her love of beauty, and her sympathy with human life. Her voice retained its stirring, resonant quality and strength, even when the body seemed too frail for earth. I remember especially her reading, on one of those days, Sidney Lanier's "The Marshes of Glynn" and "The Song of the Chattahoochee" — every shade of the beautiful thought and perfect rhythm so mirrored in her face, voice, and movement that one forgot everything but the exquisite lines of the poet.

Mrs. Parker had strong convictions about God and the future. Immortality and love were to her basic elements in human life, and she always spoke of the life to come as one who had seen and known. Years before her death, writing freely to a friend, she said:

I suppose that, some time or other, I shall go the way of the rest of them, into the light beyond. The other world holds three people whom I long to see with a passionate longing: my mother, that I may tell her that the love she so unselfishly lavished upon me is at last fully appreciated. Another, an old teacher, who planted the seeds of what is best in my life to-day. I think she truly saved my soul. The other, a dear girl friend, the dearest that I ever had, that I may see her well and happy, for her life here was a terrible disappointment. I do not mourn the lost opportunities here, as some do, because the experiences here have brought an intense longing for the good, the beautiful, and the true, and there I shall have plenty of time to work it all out. The next world always seems to me a place where,

with clearer eyes, with more definite faith, and a stronger hope, one may work out the best in him into better.

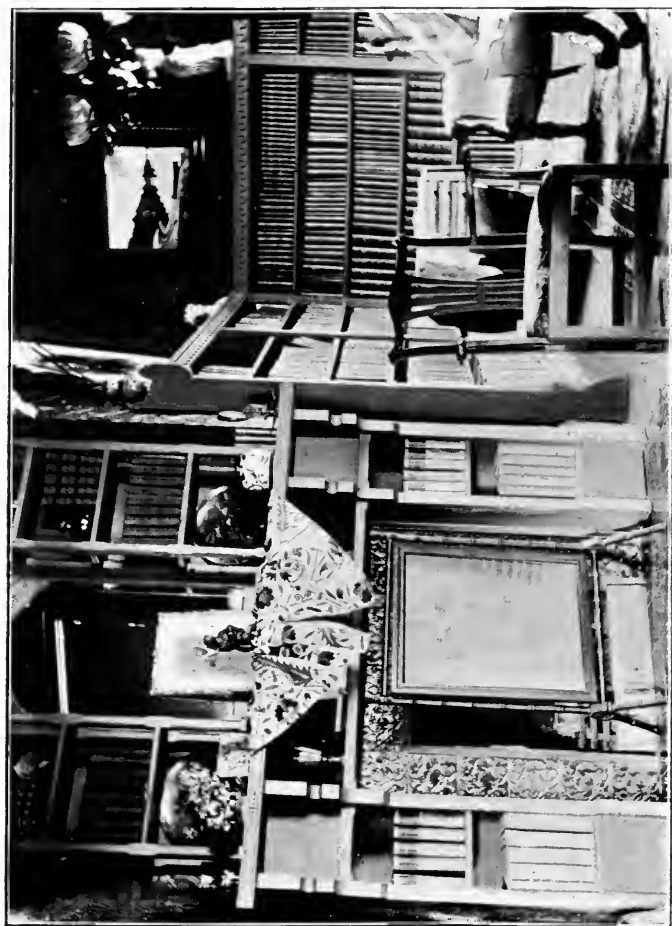
Through all the long, painful illness she had an unflagging courage and trustfulness, an unfailing cheerfulness and courtesy. Her interest in people, education, and literature never failed. She continued making the collection of pictures, and with all the enthusiasm and energy of her nature she planned for the future of the new school, so soon to be established, for in it she saw freedom for her husband's work. When she faced the inevitable, it was with the same courage and faith that she had faced the problems of life. She was so full of hope, of life, and work, that death seemed strange to her; but she was peaceful, quiet, and conscious to the last hour of life. And when the final separation came, she turned with the eye of faith to the new day, whose dawn was just breaking, with the words, "I am the Resurrection and the Life"—but strength failed, and, looking at her husband, she said, "Finish it." Then, after the words were repeated, she turned her face to the wall, and quietly went to sleep. To her, death was the gate of life, and therefore she passed through serenely. It was all as she would have chosen, for it was her wish to meet death face to face. Many a time have I heard her voice ring out in that magnificent lyrical defiance of death, Browning's "Prospice," exulting in the final victory:

Fear death?—to feel the fog in the throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go:
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.

No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!

Mrs. Parker died April 1, 1899, on the morning before Easter. The funeral services were held at her home on the Tuesday morning following, and were conducted by the Rev. H. W. Thomas and Rev. R. A. White. Miss Marcella Riley sang "One Sweetly Solemn Thought" and "Come, Ye Disconsolate."

Her ashes lie in the same grave with those of her husband at Manchester, New Hampshire.



LIBRARY CORNER IN HOUSE AT ENGLEWOOD

SUNDAY EVENINGS

FLORA J. COOK

It was in Mrs. Parker's library, in her home in Normal Park, that eight or nine friends, members of the Cook County Normal School Faculty, met regularly on Sunday evenings to hear Mrs. Parker read.

The room itself undoubtedly added something to the charm of these evenings. It had a distinct personality as subtle and indefinable as Mrs. Parker's own. It was not a large room, yet it seemed so, for the wood fire in the grate breathed out a generous hospitality, and on the shelves, which filled every available space of wall and chimney, was represented almost every phase of human interests and activity — education, politics, poetry, and art. These books were delightfully arranged and cared for; one knew exactly where to look for the old and valued volumes and for any needed help in science or literature, for such books kept their places year after year. There were certain shelves always filled with fascinating new books, most of which were as transient as the periodicals, though every year a few of these stood the trial of probation and became permanent members of this large, varied, yet most exclusive company.

On Sunday evenings Mrs. Parker usually spent the entire time reading Browning, for she was determined that we should enjoy and value this poet whom she loved and admired above all others. All her artistic skill and rare insight were thrown into her interpretation of his poems. In her best moods she often became fairly radiant with emotion, and her face and body reflected and responded to every shade of it. She felt the keen joy of an artist in her expression, and, as she was a thorough Browning student, the pleasure and inspiration of these evenings cannot well be measured in words. They were full of surprises. For instance, if she wished to interpret the art poems to us, she would perhaps borrow a hun-

dred or more pictures to use in illustrating and explaining the poet's inspiration and imagery. Several times she had music, such as the fugues, played by some gifted musician in interpreting "Master Hugues of Saxe-Gotha." Again, we had all the love poems or all the religious poems read, and with them the varied notes of literary critics; sometimes one of the longer dramatic poems took the entire evening, but it was always something new and something charming. We had also occasional evenings with other poets — Kipling, Lanier, Lowell, Wordsworth, Rossetti, and Schiller.

After about two hours' reading came the informal Sunday evening lunches, in which Colonel Parker always joined us, and to any one who knew him one need not say what his presence always brought to the gathering.

After luncheon Mrs. Parker often read us a "Dooley" article (for she enjoyed Mr. Dunne exceedingly) or she recited or read us some Irish story or poem with her charming Irish brogue and the keenest possible appreciation of every shade of wit and pathos. Often at this time she read to us some short poem or description which she had found during the week and which was appropriate to the time or season, for she dearly loved nature and nature literature, while color and all forms of rhythmical movement appealed to her in a most unusual degree.

As the years went by, the entire company became a family which gathered together at least this one time during the week. Our great regret now is that so few people had the benefit of this ideal relationship, which always found both Colonel and Mrs. Parker at their very best. Mrs. Parker's delight in literature was the greatest comfort during her last painful illness, and she retained her wonderful love and enthusiasm for it to the end. The last of our Sunday evenings was one of the most beautiful, though the saddest, that we ever spent together.

It was known to us that she could not live long, but on this evening she seemed as well or better than usual. We did not know that she had been told that she must die, but as she read to us each one's favorite poem and afterwards those

upon immortality which she herself loved best, though she was perfectly calm and hopeful, we all understood that it was her farewell to us.

She loved life intensely, but fully expressed to us her great courage and faith that evening as she read one after another of Browning's great poems, ending finally with her best beloved quotation:

"There shall never be one lost good! What was, shall live as before;
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;
On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven a perfect round."

A REMINISCENCE

ALICE H. PUTNAM

“To man propose this test—

Thy body at its best,

How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?”

RABBI BEN EZRA.

It was on a glorious summer afternoon on the piazza of the Sea-View Hotel, at one of the Martha's Vineyard Summer Institutes, that I first met Colonel and Mrs. Parker (who was then Mrs. Frank Stuart). She had been reading “Rabbi Ben Ezra” to a delighted group of people, and a discussion was opened on the lines I have used in the heading of this little memoir.

Mrs Parker turned to me, and said: “I wonder if you kindergartners begin to realize how much help you would find in a study of Delsarte's ‘Philosophy of Expression.’ It would be as invaluable to you in interpreting the character and moods of little children as it is in studying grown people.” Then and there, I had to confess my entire ignorance of Delsarte, except as applied to the uses of the stage, and also a fear lest such study on the part of the kindergartner might hinder the spontaneity of children, and tend to make them self-conscious. “That shows how little you know of the great principles the man stands for, and how widespread is the misinterpretation of him,” said Mrs. Parker. “Come over to-morrow morning, will you, and let me try to convert you?” “Yes,” said the sceptical one, “if you will promise to read ‘Rabbi Ben Ezra’ again, if you fail.” “She is safe in pledging herself to that,” said the Colonel; “she never fails in anything she undertakes.”

The result of the morning's talk, although there was *no Browning poem read*, was the enrolment of the “doubter” as well as several other people in a most enthusiastic class for the study of Delsarte's idea, which study was continued after the Colonel and Mrs. Parker came to Chicago.

"The excellence of a philosophy," says Ruskin, "consists in the breadth of its harmony, or the number of truths it is able to reconcile"; and experience in this particular investigation proves Ruskin to be true. At each lesson under this gifted teacher all that I had learned of the oneness of life from Froebel, or through art and music or science, whether of nature or of mind, seemed to fall in place under this general idea of expression of the inner life of man and nature, through outward forms—and even Swedenborg's saying, "All truth is in ultimates," came to have a new meaning and to be a most potent factor in my pedagogics ("If there is strength within, there must be freedom at the circumference," was but another way of putting Froebel's idea—"Make internal external, and the external internal,"—and again, "Do this and observe what follows in this particular case from thy action, and to what knowledge it leads thee"; or (Delsarte again) "The Trinity in nature is always manifest in the greatest as well as in the least thing"), and have come to mean more and more in a study of life.

The beauty of Mrs. Parker's teaching lay not so much in setting forth something peculiar to Delsarte as in showing most clearly in his thought that which was common to all men, so that one instinctively felt at home in the study of him, even from the beginning.

Perhaps the one thought I gained through Mrs. Parker that has been most vital to me as a training teacher grew out of the saying: "Give value to that which is of value." It set for me a study of proportion—whether in the work for the children in the kindergarten or for that of our training classes. It showed me in another light the tremendous importance of that which I first learned to know through Froebel's law of contrasts and their connections. Out of Delsarte's philosophy of the expression of the human being (child or adult) in his "bearing," his "attitudes," his "inflections" (those transient states which dominate him for the moment only), I learned to know how to follow Froebel's idea, and "give to each stage that which it demands." It has helped me to understand and interpret Froebel more

sanelly, because in a less isolated fashion. It taught me something of a better proportion in the understanding of certain activities and desires common to childhood, and a clearer judgment as to those which remain, and those which are peculiar to the passing stage; it helped to determine the "permanent" in music, art, literature, and science, and at the same time to realize the value of the child's own crude expression along these lines. It has shown something of the place of "technique" in education, while it has also demonstrated the necessity for that which technique can never supply. And speaking of this reminds me of one of our lessons, when Mrs. Parker quoted Delsarte's saying: "Technique is only dangerous to mediocrity." The Colonel, who was present, turned to the class with the merry twinkle in his eye which we all had learned to know so well, and asked if that could be the reason Mrs. Stuart disliked to be called a "yell-ocutionist"!

Again and again, as I look through the old note-books of that pleasant summer, I am reminded of Browning's thought:

"Don't you mark? we're made so that we love
First, when we see them painted, things we have passed
Perhaps a hundred times nor cared to see.
God uses us to help each other so,
Lending our minds out."

Represented? Set in perspective? May it not mean this?

THE CHICAGO INSTITUTE

ANITA M'CORMICK BLAINE

No one could have heard Colonel Parker speak of Mrs. Parker's influence in his life-work without realizing what a large share in it she bore — in the strength and inspiration she gave him.

The one incident that I can bring to add to the wreath of testimonies to her bears witness to that side of her life that was absorbed in Colonel Parker's work. Of the long years of devotion to it, with active labor and potent upholding, others will speak who toiled with them through the long way. The one time of which I can testify was at the moment of the formation of the plan to create a school on an independent basis for the accomplishment of Colonel Parker's ideal school. The plan had been under discussion for some months and was just coming to a focus in the early part of the year 1899. Colonel Parker had been considering the possibility of carrying out such a plan — with large emphasis on the objections. It involved his resigning from the public school position, which he held the more triumphantly because of the fight and the victory achieved for his work in the public schools. If fight was necessary to establish the principles he believed in for the children of the nation, among those in authority who did not understand them, fighting was how he would die. It involved withdrawing from the public school system except as an influence — for his whole idea throughout his life-work had been to do the thing as he saw it for *all* the children of the country. The public school was the high-road he saw for this public good. To the public school he had early dedicated his life effort. Dissemination was what he worked and prayed for within the school system. Teachers to teach, were all he asked for — with freedom in the teaching.

The arguments brought to him for the new plan — of

greater sureness and permanence in the doing, better facilities, more freedom, possibly wider range of teachers when not limited to those of one city, etc.—were granted and grasped and added to with the vigor of his imagination. Still the doubt remained — the root objection still held.

In the deep consideration of the question that Colonel Parker gave it he took counsel of several advisers, and when the time approached that required a decision, he said that he had practically decided that he would make the move — cast the die for one new effort — and added that the prevailing influence that had determined him to a sureness that this was his course was his wife's opinion of the wisdom of it.

He asked me to go to see her and talk with her about it. Mrs. Parker had been very ill all the winter. I found her frail and, as a few weeks proved, near the end of her road, but with her mind as alive to all the conflicting interests of the moment as though she were able, and she alone, to steer them, and with an outlook to the future of the work in which her whole heart lay as keen as though she, and she alone, would live to see it. And here I saw how Colonel Parker was upheld in a decision which was for him difficult — how her sureness was reassuring and her faith inspiring. She had no doubt of the wisdom of his entering into the plan for a new school — no doubt of his ability to make it all that it should be — no doubt that it would solidify and give permanence to his ideas in education in their best and ripest moment. Her glance took in the near and the far. She grasped all the immediate difficulties and objections, but these daunted her not a whit, for she seized the main ideas as true — that the great purpose could be better carried out with more freedom, and would be possibly more far-reaching if not limited to one city, and would be more permanently established if not at the mercy of political appointment, where the next wave could obliterate it when Colonel Parker should stop his work.

Having seen beyond the difficulties in the way, her sight rested on the land of promise.

And in that vision she had full belief. I think she felt

that she would not be on earth to see it, and an appeal from her heart reached out to the world, with not a touch of doubt, to uphold the work and carry it on. If she had known that Colonel Parker would but see the edge of that land, her faith would doubtless have been as great that the hosts would still be led into it by a sure prophet.

The sanction and the impetus that she gave to the new school, even as she was passing out of the sphere she so loved to live in, seem too sacred a blessing to try to convey—except that it was Colonel Parker's wish that this should be spoken in her memory. And for that, I could wish that I could better convey it. The real essence of it was in the way that Colonel Parker bent to the new work. The occasion, when I was made a sharer of it, seemed one of the moments that link the future with the present. Her faith and its work must be among the things that live after in lives made better by their presence.

MUSEUM AND LIBRARY WORK

EMILY J. RICE

In Colonel Parker's last report of the Cook County and Chicago Normal School, made in 1899, he says: "In 1883, the school was meagrely furnished with apparatus, books, collections, and other illustrative material. There were a few specimens of birds, a fair collection of minerals, and some apparatus for teaching physics. The Eberhartonian Society had collected about fifty books. It is gratifying to report that the school now has an excellent all-round equipment; thirteen thousand carefully selected volumes in the library, card-catalogued and arranged for use; the largest school collection of pictures in the world; and a very large encyclopædia of newspaper clippings. The picture collection and the newspaper encyclopædia are the work of Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker. Many of the collections, mineralogical and anthropological, also were made by Mrs. Parker."

Mrs. Parker realized that the daily papers and the magazines contain valuable articles upon all subjects of study, and she felt that they should be kept in some permanent form. After much thought in regard to the methods of classification and means of preservation of this material, she decided to use such a case as the United States Government employs for the filing of documents. She had manila slips cut to fit the spaces $4\frac{1}{2} \times 10$ inches in size. On these slips she mounted the articles saved and wrote the name of the paper from which each was taken and the date of publication. The classification of these slips was no easy task, as a system had to be worked out at once simple and yet embracing all the many phases of thought in the collection.

As the teachers used the Newspaper Encyclopædia, and realized its great assistance in their work, the question came to Mrs. Parker: "Why could not pictures be brought into the school-room in much the same way?" She began to

collect pictures from the illustrated papers and magazines. These were mounted, classified, and stored in large cases of drawers made for the purpose. They proved to be of inestimable value to the teachers. Often as many as three hundred of these pictures were in use in the different rooms of the school in a single day.

Seeing what a benefit this work could be made to the school, Mrs. Parker threw all her energies into it. Pictures could rarely be purchased for the purpose. So she interested her friends in the matter, collected all the old illustrated papers possible, and was ever on the outlook for material. She never read without a colored pencil in her hand, with which to mark articles or pictures that she thought would be of use.

The collecting, mounting, arranging, and classifying of material were done by her personally, or under her direct supervision. Some slight idea of the vast amount of work that she accomplished may be gathered from the fact that in 1899 the Picture Collection numbered over thirty thousand pictures and the Newspaper Encyclopædia over fifty thousand slips.

In all Mrs. Parker's travels, she had these collections in her thought, and always brought home quantities of magazines, pictures, and photographs. She also secured many specimens of minerals and of the handwork illustrating the primitive industries, and in this way added materially to the school museum. In her letters from Hawaii, she speaks constantly of the growth of the collection that she was making in the Sandwich Islands, and these letters give ample evidence of her vital interest in the whole matter of school material.

She gave herself freely to this work because she saw what it meant to the cause of education, which she dearly loved. In the service of this cause, she was lavish of her time, her strength and means. The equipment of material for work in the Chicago Normal School is a splendid monument to her keen understanding of the conditions of the schools and her energy and devotion in the direction of their improvement.

INFLUENCE UPON ELOCUTION IN THE WEST

HENRY M. SOPER

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, Chicago and the great West could boast of only a very few whose elocutionary instruction was founded upon a rational basis. Here and there, a college or seminary had a department of elocution, directed by an able instructor in the art; but aside from this the work was mostly done by the nomadic elocutionist, who was a sort of colporteur, dispensing his goods from point to point, throughout a vast territory, with a ten days' or at most a few weeks' sojourn in any one place. Those desiring a complete professional course in this line generally went to Boston or to some other Eastern metropolis. Some of the critics of the early elocution of the West asserted that, while it was noted for fire and vigor, it was lacking in real art and refinement, and that the Eastern elocution, on the other hand, was deficient in strength and grandeur of voice and action.

Doubtless the criticism was just enough. The same energy that made possible the conquest of Western wilds, the founding of mighty cities, and had to do with creating gigantic business enterprises, undoubtedly made its influence felt also along educational lines, and caused our earlier exponents of the elocutionary art in the West to cultivate force of expression at the expense of many other equally desirable qualities.

The disproportion of strength and grace in expression impressed Eastern readers as being so lacking in refinement that they, perhaps, went to another extreme, and sacrificed force for elegance.

In the midst of such conditions, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker appeared upon the scene, and at once became a potent force to modify these conditions. Her influence was as far-reaching as it was powerful. She combined the

elements of grace and vigor, and it was the first wonder of the stranger that such a slight physique could exhibit so much vocal power. The Western exponent of elocution, coming in touch with this grace and delicacy of the Eastern elocution as shown in Mrs. Parker's teaching, was led to admire and then adopt a style of expression that combined the best points of both the Eastern and Western styles, so that it may be said that the moulding influence of Mrs. Parker's professional labor produced a new type of expression.

An extract from a letter of Mr. J. M. Maguire, Superintendent of Schools of Manitoba, shows the far-reaching influence of Mrs. Parker's work in the West:

Mrs. Parker's addresses were eloquent and effective, showing a complete mastery of her subject, and made a deep and lasting impression upon her hearers. There is no question that Mrs. Parker's work in this Province has had an abiding influence upon the work of education. Teachers here speak of her yet with grateful acknowledgment of the higher and better ideas for work that they have gained from her visit. To me, and, I think, to others also, the chief charm of her public utterances lay in the revelation of the pure and cultured womanliness of the speaker, and in her deep, loving sympathy with human nature. With such a woman as Mrs. Parker, the mere platform orator that one now applauds, now criticises, disappears, and one sees instead a friend talking with earnest purpose to her friends. I should like to give just one instance of her ready tact, her humor, and her instant sympathy with her surroundings. At one of the Teachers' Institutes, Mrs. Parker had just finished an address in which her illustrations were drawn from American history and frequent references were made to American characters. As she sat down, there was a moment's silence, as there usually was after her talks, before the applause broke forth, testifying to the depth of feeling that had been stirred. Then came the applause,—and the chairman invited discussion on the topic of the address. Immediately an old fellow—a teacher—was on his feet expressing appreciation of the address just given by Mrs. Parker

but asking why, in speaking to Canadian teachers on British soil and under Great Britain's flag, the speaker had seen fit to take her illustrations from American life and history. Had not British history ample material for such references and illustrations? You know this style of blatant patriotism, and you can, perhaps, imagine my feelings and wonder how I could best apologize to Mrs. Parker without wounding the feelings of the old man. I saw Mrs. Parker's half-hurt, half-puzzled look, but before any one else could think of anything to say or do in order to relieve the strain of the situation her face cleared and she was on her feet, saying with her own inimitable grace: "Mr. Chairman and friends, I must apologize for my inexcusable oversight in drawing my illustrations from American history. It certainly was *not* because of any lack of illustrious names in British or even in Canadian history, but because my address was prepared for American teachers. In coming to Manitoba, I should have remembered that I was in a foreign land and under another flag, but the fact is, Mr. Chairman, that when I came among you I met with such a cordial reception, being treated so like a comrade and fellow-teacher, and was made to feel so entirely one of your own number, that I quite forgot I was a stranger in a strange land. So, you see, Mr. Chairman and friends, that you are yourselves to blame for my mistake."

These are her words, but I cannot hope to convey to you the sweetness of tone and courtesy of manner with which they were uttered, and which completely disarmed her would-be-critic—the old man—and relieved us all from a very awkward situation.

An extract from a letter of Mr. McIntyre of Winnipeg is also added:

I had known Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker for some years as a charming hostess, a clear and incisive teacher, a graceful writer on a variety of topics, and the wise counsellor and loyal helpmate of the man whom posterity will own as the greatest educational reformer of his day. My acquaintance with her as a public speaker went back only

to the later years of her life. She came by invitation to Winnipeg in the autumn of 1896 to give a series of lectures on topics of educational and social interest before the Eastern Manitoba Teachers' Association. To many of those to whom she was to speak the thought of woman on the lecture platform was new, and the attitude of the audience was directly critical. The speaker's charm of manner and her easy, graceful utterances at once arrested attention and won the listeners, and before the close of the first lecture even the most reluctant was led captive and owned her power. Such was the appreciation of Mrs. Parker's work that a demand went up from the teachers throughout the Province that, if possible, her services be obtained for a longer period and a more extended field next year. In 1897, therefore, Mrs. Parker spent upwards of a month in Manitoba, lecturing five days per week to audiences of teachers, and frequently to the general public in the evenings. Her reception on every occasion was most enthusiastic and the impression she created permanent. No speaker that ever visited the Province influenced her audiences more profoundly, and none ever went from it who left behind so many admirers and so many warm personal friends.

The secret of Mrs. Parker's power as a speaker lay in no one quality, but was rather to be found in the variety of her endowments and accomplishments. To a charming manner and graceful personality she added clear and fluent speech, vivid imagination, a keen sense of humor, the sympathetic insight that put her at once in touch with her hearers, skill in marshalling and arranging her arguments and an earnestness and sincerity that compelled conviction.

Underlying all were the lofty ideal and the resolute purpose of a true woman, whose belief it was that the world should be better because she had lived, and that the gifts committed to her should not be trifled away in the frivolous round of social life, but should be employed for the service of mankind.

The steadfastness with which she pursued this aim and the testimony of multitudes who acknowledge their indebt-

edness to her for inspiration and ideals establish Mrs. Parker's title to a foremost place among leaders of American women of the 19th Century.

Miss Myra Pollard writes of Mrs. Parker's personality in connection with her work in the Illinois State Association of Elocutionists:

Mrs. Parker was one of those rare characters who, as teacher, social leader, artist, lecturer, or friend, exceeded the demands of every office undertaken, gracing it with the peculiar charm of her own character and originality.

This originality, this seeing of things in a new, fresh light, was, indeed, one of Mrs. Parker's strongest traits.

In the class-room she was not an ordinary didactic instructor, but an inspiration. In her lectures, the usual formality of the platform was superseded by the freedom and unconsciousness of spontaneous expression. As artist and interpreter, while conforming to the established canons of art, every conception was tinged with the light of her own personality.

Reform in dress, with her, ceased to be a fad and assumed something of the dignity of a science, and had always the grace of an art, for she perfectly illustrated her own ideals.

Any one who ever met Mrs. Parker as hostess, especially in an informal way, saw the acme of social spontaneity and graciousness. No one could meet her as an acquaintance without longing to know her as a friend, and her every friend desired to be her intimate associate.

Those of us who were privileged to know her in this association, knew her also as hostess and friend, as well as an ever loyal and enthusiastic professional comrade, and we loved her in each and every capacity.

Missing her presence now as we do, it is nevertheless difficult to associate regrets with that sweet, bright, rare nature, whose very essence was light and strength.

Mrs. Parker was the first to introduce in Chicago, and in the West generally, the genuine philosophy of Delsarte's teachings and methods. I had the good fortune to be one of her early pupils, and I feel that I owe much to

her inspiring instruction. She filled her pupils with a love of better expression for Art's own sake. Her work did much to modify and improve the methods of elocutionary instruction in the West, and her labor of love in her chosen calling has left an enduring impression upon the present age. Of her life and its noble work it may be fittingly said,

"Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."

She believed that an artist whose soul was in his work would find in the hereafter a far wider scope for its development. She told me once that she "expected to teach elocution in the next world." And why may we not have a like faith for her? We can but wonder why she, whose life here meant so much to her family and to the large circle of friends who knew and appreciated her, should be called away from all this, at the zenith of her usefulness. But as I stood beside the open casket which held the frail body that had enshrined her strong, bright spirit, and missed the smiling welcome that had ever before been wont to greet me when I met her, was it all a fancy that through the silence, even of Death itself, there stole to my ear a calm, sweet whisper, saying, "She has but gone on to do grander work beyond, and to perfect ideals as only the disembodied spirit can do, when quite set free from the trammels of the earth-life"?

It has been said of her by an ardent admirer of her labors, "She was a potent force in the struggle for higher ideals in American education and American life." She was possessed of a remarkable power of discrimination; she dissected the fallacious reasonings and teachings of some members of her profession with unanswerable logic; and yet her criticisms, while keen, were always kind, and she was ever generous in her estimate of her fellow-workers and their efforts.

She believed in organization in all lines of art and learning, and was a charter member of the Illinois Association of Elocutionists, and on more than one occasion entertained the monthly meeting of this association in her own home. She was a royal hostess, and those who were privileged to

enjoy these occasions will always fondly cherish the bright memory of the feast of reason and flow of soul which characterized these meetings in Mrs. Parker's home.

She was of a broad, catholic spirit, and scorned all petty jealousies and bickerings in the profession. Her books on "Dress Reform" and "Order of Exercises" have done much to do away with the old and injurious methods of dress, and to break up false styles of action and vocal expression.

The news of her death cast a gloom over the profession in Chicago and the West, where she had won so many hearts, and her loss was especially and deeply felt by the Illinois State Association, of which she had been such a valued and esteemed member.

Thus another great soul has gone on to

"join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence."

So shall she continue to live in our hearts and memories, inspiring us ever to more earnest endeavor, and ever urging us on to loftier achievement, until at last for us, also, shall dawn the eternal morning.



OLD CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL

THE CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL

WILBUR S. JACKMAN

In the work of the Cook County Normal School no topic occupied a larger share of the attention of the teachers than the subject of "Correlation." There was a persistent and systematic attempt to work out an organic arrangement of the parts of the curriculum, so that the studies composing it should be mutually reinforced and helpful. This external result was sought through a careful attempt to supply the needs of each pupil with the nutritive material demanded by his growth. Colonel Parker said many times that he derived his earliest ideas upon this important subject from a study of the work of Mrs. Parker in Delsartean expression. While the school as a whole was given over mainly to the gathering of material and to its presentation, Mrs. Parker's influence was always immensely strong on the side of natural and full expression. By this means, she was perpetually bringing to the surface and sharpening into definite outline the vague and half-formed ideas that often lay in the minds of both pupils and colleagues.

From her intense interest in the life of the whole school, it was inevitable that her idea of expression should lead at once to the notion of helpfulness, which to her mind was the final motive for all expression. This end Mrs. Parker labored incessantly to achieve. To do this, she hesitated at no task, no matter how much physical or mental effort it might involve. I well remember the prodigious amount of physical work she performed, the first year I became connected with the school, in trying to provide for all the school materials a definite place in the old ramshackle building. Mrs. Parker stood strongly for neatness, cleanliness, order, promptness, and system in the school. There were but few faculty meetings when in some way she did not bring before the teachers her ideas upon

these points, which she considered fundamental in education. As a practical illustration of her attitude and spirit in such matters, it is but necessary to cite the building up of the newspaper file in the library, where one could easily find fairly wide newspaper treatment of almost any topic that arose in the work with the pupils. This afterwards expanded into the picture collection, which, arranged in sets, was in constant use by the teachers of practically every subject taught in the school.

Her insight, as well as her cultivated habits of studying the relations of things, made the services of Mrs. Parker of inestimable value in the support of the school as a whole against its numerous and insidious foes. Constantly alert to the points in the school that were likely to invite criticism, and keen to divine the source from which the attacks might be expected, her courage to defend what her insight led her to believe was right was more than once an important factor in carrying the school over the shoals of political troubles.

But the influence of Mrs. Parker was not confined by any means to administrative and political matters. Her insight and skill as a teacher gave her an influence in the class-room that was marked and wholesome, as the following tribute from the pen of Mrs. Ellen R. Jackman, one of her pupils and a graduate of the Cook County Normal School, will show:

It was my good fortune to be closely associated with Mrs. Parker for ten years, and thus to have favorable opportunity of estimating her influence upon the training classes of the Cook County Normal School, and upon others who came in contact with her. She was a woman of culture, charm, and rare tact. With a clear knowledge of the underlying principles of her own chosen field, broadened by her association with Colonel Parker in his pioneer work, she was able to bring to the classes, which she so long taught, an insight, a power of analysis, a skill in dealing with long-standing defects, that won the confidence and respect of her students.

Mrs. Parker's love of teaching was shown in her study of the needs of the individual without regard to social position or intellectual gifts. A defect in speech, in the carriage of the body, any weakness which was the result of poor instruction or a lack of instruction, appealed strongly to her. The work begun in her classes was frequently continued in her home in private lessons.

Free from conventional thought herself, she did not hesitate to lay bare the weak spot in her pupil. She suggested the remedy and with generous liberality gave of her time and strength, many times without recompense, in assisting the student to overcome defects.

Mrs. Parker realized the relation of women's dress to health and to freedom of the body and mind, and interested large numbers of teachers in a study of art as applied to dress improvement. Constantly experimenting in this difficult field, she unhesitatingly gave the results to any who might wish to profit by them.

Her gracious influence was felt by the students and others in her own home, where they often gathered to study her collection of photographs or to enjoy readings from her favorite authors. Many of the students owe their love of Browning to her readings, especially of "Prospice," "Abt Vogler," and "Andrea del Sarto."

In the list of talented and faithful women who have taught in the old Cook County Normal School, and as a worker in all good causes for the advancement of women, Mrs. Parker must rank amongst the first.

Mrs. Parker's power as a teacher before a class, on occasion, easily expanded to that of an effective platform speaker before a general audience. Her ability in this direction is well set forth in the following tribute from Principal W. A. McIntyre, of the Winnipeg Normal School:

It would be impossible to state the value of the service rendered to education by Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker during her visits to this Province in 1896 and 1897. She came to us comparatively unknown, but there is now in the hearts of hundreds of our people a gracious memory

of one who was recognized as a scholar, a teacher, and a woman of the highest culture. She appeared before the students of the Normal School and illustrated that art of which she was such a noble exponent—the art of free and forcible expression; she attended the various teachers' conventions in the Province, and, by her addresses and her life, became an inspiration to those in charge of schools; she lectured at public gatherings in our cities and towns, and assisted in creating a sentiment in favor of more liberal and rational education. Those who were fortunate enough to meet her, or hear her on the platform, will remember her as one who had drunk deeply at the springs of knowledge. She was widely and profoundly read, especially in all that pertained to education; and there seemed to be little that was beautiful or of permanent worth in literature that she had not read and assimilated. She will be remembered, too, as a teacher and as a woman. Her enthusiasm, her perfect example, her skill in dealing with difficulties, her art in illustrating the principles of teaching, will make her still a living pattern to those before whom she appeared; her generous sympathy for childhood, her unselfish zeal, her devotion to the highest and best in life, make her still a guide to those intrusted with the care of children.

Mrs. Parker combined many qualities which were necessary to meet successfully the responsibilities of her position in the school and before the public. Tact, energy, and courage were so combined in her character as to give her great personal power in the many undertakings with which she became identified.

As a persistent worker, a fine teacher, a cultivated woman, and as an intelligent and intrepid defender of the work of the school, Mrs. Parker will always live in the memory of her associates and friends.

INTEREST IN CLUB LIFE

Mrs. Parker derived much pleasure from her interest in various clubs and organizations of women. She assisted and encouraged their work in every possible way; and at the same time they were a constant source of enjoyment and inspiration to her. Their appreciation of her work with them is both earnest and sincere.

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB OF CHICAGO

As a member of "The Fortnightly" of Chicago, a literary club, which stands for all that is highest and best in social and intellectual culture; a club which numbers among its membership a larger proportion of women who have distinguished themselves in the world of literature, art, and science than any other literary club in the United States, Mrs. Parker held a high and abiding place in the esteem and love of its members. Personally, she was one who would attract attention in any company for the beauty of her face and form, for her exquisite, though entirely unobtrusive, art in dress, and for that subtle something in personality which attests an all-pervasive culture of mind and heart. Possessing in a marked degree that quality of womanhood which Shakespeare calls "the girdle of self-restraint," she impressed some, on first acquaintance with a quality of "aloofness" which caused one to remark of her that "she was a little aristocrat from the crown of her head to the soles of her feet." But even a short acquaintance brought to light the qualities of kindness of heart, interest in others, a readiness to do her part in every kind of associated work, and a forgetfulness of self that inspired affection, as well as respect. She was one of those to whom any member of the Fortnightly might introduce a guest with the full assurance that the guest would receive from her courteous attention and kindly interest. She was, also,

one to whom all could turn in an emergency to help out in a program, to start the agreeable discussion, or to furnish variety in thought and expression on any subject that might be mentioned.

During her membership in the Fortnightly, she presented, at different times, four notable papers or addresses. Her gift of extemporaneous speaking caused her to be independent to an unusual degree of her manuscript or notes. Her first address was on Emerson, and it was given wholly without notes; her familiarity with her subject and with Emerson's writings enabling her to present a treasury of things new and old from the "Sage of Concord." Her second address, also extemporaneous, was on Delsarte, and his system of expression. It is needless to say that, as she was so admirable an exponent of his system, she won the heads, as well as the hearts, of many who had deep and well-founded prejudices against the work of the ordinary elocutionist. Her third address was an interpretative rendering of Browning's "The Ring and the Book," in which her scholarly and sympathetic insight into the mind and heart of the poet enabled her to reveal new beauties of thought and expression, even to the best students of Browning. Her fourth paper was on the subject which, after all, lay nearest her heart, and to which she had devoted the best energies of life, "Democracy and Education." Of her life-work in this line, others will tell the story. Suffice it to say that this paper was an impassioned and eloquent plea for giving the best education has to give to the children of the public schools. She said, in effect, that the highest interests of our country demanded that the children of the public schools, and especially of the laboring classes, should be given instruction in Art, in Music, in Literature, in the Art of Expression, to the end that there might be implanted within them those æsthetic tastes which, while they might not tend directly to fitting them to earn a material living, would, nevertheless, make their lives better worth living, because of their having awakened in them the sense of beauty and susceptibility to spiritual riches.

It was with the most heartfelt sense of loss that the members of the Fortnightly heard of the death of Mrs. Parker. Along with the beautiful floral tribute of palms and white lilies sent by them was a card bearing the following inscription:

"With palms for victory and flowers to speak of love and beauty, the Fortnightly would symbolize a loss which will be a permanent one in their midst. The qualities of genius, of cheerfulness, of readiness, of helpfulness, of participation, which met in Mrs. Parker, were a stimulus to all the society most wishes to perpetuate."

HELEN E. STARRETT.

CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB

Frances Stuart Parker became a member of the Chicago Woman's Club in 1891, and she remained a member as long as she lived. Naturally, she entered the Educational Department.

Mrs. Parker at once took rank among her associates as a woman of force, originality, and exceptional powers of expression. There was a charm in her presence, in her voice, her manner, her artistic, independent dress. From the first these outward manifestations of her personality attracted us all. As time passed, and as we became acquainted with the mind and heart that inspired our fellow-worker, we became admirers of the unseen reality and thought less of the outward image. Mrs. Parker became a power, influencing the entire Club for good.

I remember that at first, when Mrs. Parker took part in the Club discussions and programs, I used to listen, delightedly, to her beautiful voice, not attending closely to what she said. After a time I shook off the spell of her musical tones, for I had found that the velvet voice always expressed something well worth hearing. In the same way, as I came to know her better, I ceased to look too intently at Mrs. Parker's face, alight with thought and enthusiasm, or to take note of her quaint and characteristic costumes of grey, violet, or brown, made in some artistic

fashion quite remote from the prevailing mode. I became absorbed in the ideas she presented whenever she spoke, and to my own benefit. In some such fashion, I believe, Mrs. Parker grew upon all the Club members. A most delightful fashion it was, and few there be who are fortunate enough to be able to adopt it.

Of course, Mrs. Parker's influence was exerted mainly for the cause which is called "the new education." Always she spoke and wrote and worked for the ideas and ideals to which she and Colonel Parker had devoted their lives. She became chairman of the Educational Department of the Club, and while in that position she gained many helpers for the objects so dear to her.

The influence of Mrs. Parker's work remains — enduring, excellent, and growing — though the worker herself has gone from us.

ADA C. SWEET.

ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF WOMEN

Mrs. Parker was a beloved and valued officer of the Association for the Advancement of Women, "A. A. W." She was for several years chairman of the Committee on Topics and Papers, in which her services are remembered with gratitude. She was much interested in dress reform, and was an expert in the invention of tasteful and symmetrical garments. These were further commended by the grace with which she wore them. She also shared her husband's enthusiasm in the cause of popular education, and was very happy in the success which has given Col. Parker a place among the most distinguished educators of the land. She leaves two daughters to mourn her loss, and a large circle of friends and fellow-workers who must sympathize deeply in the family sorrow.

It was a sad day for us, members of the Association for the Advancement of Women, when we learned that our dear friend, Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, would meet with us on earth no more.

I remember well her first appearance at, I think, our second Congress in Buffalo. I remarked at once her bright

countenance and tasteful attire. The theme of her discourse was some aspect of Dress Reform, a topic which could not have had a better exemplification than that offered by her own costume. Her aspect at that time was so youthful that I regarded her as a young girl, and was surprised to learn that she was a wife and mother. A nearer acquaintance with her only deepened the pleasant impression already made. We were glad to count her among our frequent speakers, and in process of time appointed her to the responsible post of Chairman of our Committee of Topics and Papers. She occupied this position until the time of her death, and her services were highly esteemed by us.

The charming harmony of Mrs. Parker's dress, her well-modulated voice and pleasing address, made her a prominent figure in the public meetings of our Association. Her devotion to family relations sometimes deprived us of her presence, but did not interfere with her aid and interest in our work. She was with us at a Congress held at Knoxville, Tennessee, of which I cannot give the precise date. This was one of our pleasantest occasions.

I am glad to remember her as one of its brightest ornaments. We were saddened and surprised to hear somewhat later of her failing health. I received a charming letter from her on her return from the Sandwich Islands, and had every hope of seeing her soon in person. The next news that I had of her was of the end of her valuable life.

I may say that, for all of us, her fellow-workers, the sense of our own loss was deepened by our feeling of the great sorrow fallen upon her family, and especially upon her husband, whose noble efforts in behalf of education were brightened by her intelligent and loving sympathy.

At my request, the treasurer of the Association, Mrs. H. L. T. Wolcott, has written me a letter, from which I extract the following paragraphs:

Mrs. Parker became interested in the Dress Reform movement which was started in the New England Woman's Club, of Boston. The movement appealed to her own artistic sense. She occupied some years in the elaboration of a

better style of dress for woman than the one in vogue. She resided at this time in Chicago, where she found it difficult to induce any dressmaker to venture on a departure which then appeared of so radical a nature. To this endeavor she gave thought and work to interest all women with whom she came in contact.

To-day, when we see the "Empire" gowns displayed in the shop windows, I cannot refrain from saying to myself, "Why did not Mrs. Parker live to see herself in high position in her style of frocks?"

Her personality was most charming—wherever she went and spoke she was heard with delight. In her home, as wife and mother, she was exemplary, bearing most courageously the weight of her husband's trials. I am not yet reconciled to her untimely death. She should have seen her victory—perhaps she does!

JULIA WARD HOWE.

SOCIETY FOR THE PROMOTION OF CORRECT DRESS

Mrs Parker's work for Dress Reform, in Chicago, to which Mrs. Wolcott refers, was done in connection with the Society for the Promotion of Correct Dress.

Mrs. Parker was one of its charter members, and, as long as her strength lasted, one of its most active members.

During the Exposition of 1893 the Society maintained an exhibit in the Woman's Building, but, except for Mrs. Parker's enthusiasm and indomitable perseverance, this effort, which has now taken place in the history of reform in dress, could never have been accomplished.

Eager as the Society was to embrace every opportunity of helping other women who were struggling to free themselves from the conventions of dress, the members were timid about exhibiting their too slight and crude efforts.

To this timidity Mrs. Parker had but one answer: "If we are ashamed to own our crude beginnings, we shall never be able to develop the finished product."

This thought finally became the watchword of the Society, and prevailed over their desire to give out nothing that could be regarded as only tentative.

During the six months of the Exposition the exhibit was visited by thousands of men and women, — and, if one may judge from the record of the "Visitors' Book," it met with their cordial approval. It certainly gave courage to many women struggling alone to overcome the obstacles which, more than nature's design, man's prejudice, or all other causes combined, are keeping woman on a lower plane, physically and mentally. That the effort was not without avail is evidenced in the letters which even now, after the lapse of years, are coming to the members of the Society, telling of help received and asking for the latest word of advice.

It may not be unwarrantable, either, to assume that the present forward movement in dress reform in Germany, which has outstripped in point of converts and influence anything ever accomplished in this country, owes much to theories and practical illustration received during those months.

Mrs. Parker's work for her day and generation will never be underestimated by those who appreciate the overwhelming importance to woman *and the race*, of emancipation from her bondage as "Fashion's Slave."

ANNIE WHITE JOHNSON.

ENGLEWOOD WOMAN'S CLUB

Contrary to the history of most clubs, the Englewood Woman's Club was not a gradual growth. It began its first year with a membership of about three hundred.

To organize so large a body of women into one harmonious, working whole was not an easy matter. Diverse opinions had to be harmonized, compromises had to be made, and oftentimes cherished ambitions had to be laid aside. All this required much tact on the part of the leader.

To those interested in the beginning of the movement, Mrs. Parker seemed to be peculiarly fitted to guide the Club through this trying period of organization and initial work. Although already generously giving her time and ability to many lines of public work, Mrs. Parker consented to act

as president, and served in that capacity during the organization and until the close of the first year.

If the success of the year's work could be analyzed, it would be found to be a result not alone of the broad culture and wide experience of Mrs. Parker, but also self-control not only of words but of voice, gesture, attitude of body,—a control so absolute that we might almost question whether to her the occasion had been one requiring self-control.

This beautiful poise of mind and body, this perfect control of the entire being, exemplified the truth in the work of which she made almost a life study. The control of the physical and spiritual was so harmonious that we might say of her, as was said of a great preacher, that she never seemed to make an effort, being equal to every occasion. Such is the fruitage of long culture. The rose that so easily opens its perfect petals could not do so without the preceding work that took place in root and leaf and branch.

Another potent factor in Mrs. Parker's great influence was her ability not only to see, but to call out, the best every one had to offer. She belonged by nature to the small circle of "chosen spirits" whose mission is to make even the humblest among us realize something of the divine in us.

ALICE D. HOSWELL.

THE CHICAGO POLITICAL EQUALITY LEAGUE

In May, 1894, when it was thought necessary to have further organization for the political enfranchisement of women than then existed in Chicago, Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker was consulted in regard to starting the new organization in the Chicago Woman's Club, and she gave her enthusiastic and hearty support, speaking and working for it.

Mrs. Parker became one of the committee of twenty-five members of the Club, organizing the Chicago Political Equality League in the summer and fall of 1894. She was a member of the League's Board of Directors from its formation until her death.

While she was always very busy with other public affairs, she could be depended upon to help the League in an emer-

gency, and many times she read papers and reports of persons who could not be present, giving them, by reason of her accomplished oratory, an interest and force they could not have had at the hands of their writers.

In May, 1896, Mrs. Parker was elected president of the League and re-elected in 1897, holding the office as long as the by-laws permit one person to hold it.

Her health had begun to fail before her term as president expired, and her self-sacrifice and devotion were shown in many ways. I recall especially a two days' meeting in the Association Hall in November, 1897. The meeting was under the auspices of the League, and several officers and speakers of the National Suffrage Association were present, and Mrs. Parker, as president of the League, was expected to preside, and did preside.

No one knew until the meeting was over, and then only accidentally, that she was ill and suffering intensely during the entire two days. She made no complaint and gave no sign. And so it was many other times. She moved ahead with her work, regardless of the comfort or discomfort to herself.

The following letter, dated January 5, 1895, explaining her absence from a meeting, shows her attitude toward the League:

My dear Miss Martin,—The grip is no respecter of persons. I have been confined to the house, now, nearly two months, with it. I am deeply interested in the Political Equality League, and as soon as I am able to be out, shall be with you heart and soul. There is nothing that the Woman's Club has taken up, of late, that has interested me so much, and I will give my best efforts to it as soon as I am able to be out. I was hoping to be with you to-day, but the weather is so stormy that I do not dare venture. It is my misfortune, and not any lack of interest, that has prevented my meeting with you.

I was very glad that I was placed on the Board of Directors, and will do double work when I am about.

The League's work has never been marked by striking features, and it is difficult to give an adequate idea of the work done by any one for it. Probably the best statement of the work is that it consists in breaking down prejudice against suffrage and suffragists, and in this Mrs. Parker was most efficient. She was earnest in her advocacy, but she knew the time and occasion. The political enfranchisement of women had no more earnest and devoted adherent than Mrs. Parker. She was a suffragist on broad, democratic lines.

Mrs. Parker was a ready and resourceful presiding officer and quick and direct in debate. The program committee never had any uneasiness when she was present, at a public meeting, for it knew, whatever might happen, she would make it a success.

In Mrs. Parker's death the League lost one of its most helpful, hopeful, and earnest members. It misses greatly her genial, strong spirit.

ELLEN A. MARTIN.



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER AT 40 YEARS

EXTRACTS FROM MRS. PARKER'S LETTERS

(Written on her Hawaiian Trip)

Montana, June, 1898.

The journey to-day has been a constant delight. We have been in the mountains all day. Five hundred and fifty feet this morning over the Rockies. The field flowers are most beautiful. The trainmen get out and gather them in great bunches. The syringa and larkspur grow wild. Yellow and white daisies, fireweed, goldenrod, wild geraniums, and in *such* profusion—how I wish you could see it!

There is a river that we have been beside all the afternoon—Kootenai—and just now we have passed the Kootenai Falls. The river narrows to a third, a rocky island divides it in the narrowest part, and the water piles up fully two feet higher at the sides than in the centre. The river was the color of milk, the queerest shade I ever saw.

On the Pacific side of the Rockies the pine woods are very heavy. Great, tall, mastlike trees with spearlike tops. I think they must be yellow pine.

Such stretches of country and so few people! Hardly a settlement, and miles without a house. Here and there a camp, seven or eight men, and "cattle on a dune and hills." Great ranges for horses, cattle, and sheep.

Father is positively beatific. He is studying the landscape, looking through his field-glasses, and consulting his aneroid thermometer to know just how high we are.

Oh, this beautiful river! On the opposite side are palisades, the rocks—slate and limestone—standing out from the fir and pine. Father says the river turns and goes way up into British Columbia and then comes back and empties into the Columbia.

Two things have been in my thoughts all day. I'll

give them to you, as "last call for the dining-room" has sounded:

"The hills rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun, the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods, rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green."

And Gannett's

"He hath made the haunts of beauty
The home elect of his grace;
He spreadeth his mornings on them,
His sunsets light their face.
The people of tired cities
Come up to their shrines to pray;
God freshens again within them
As he passes by all day."

British Columbia.

We are almost there, after a very pleasant ride of eight hours from Seattle, in sight either of the water or the mountains. The flowers are glorious, as they have been all along. The clover is everywhere, for there are more settlements along this route than on any other.

The trees are being cut down all along the road, and there are sawmills everywhere. The large trees are nearly gone, and we see great stumps, some measuring six and seven feet across. What giants they must have been, and what a pity to cut them down! They haven't left one; they might, at least, have done that. Just fancy all that glorious life cut up into railroad ties and shingles!

Honolulu.

Here we are, dearest, safe and sound, in the Islands; and, oh, how I wish you could be here! It is hot, hotter, hottest. But, oh, the flowers! But, oh, the trees! I am wild with delight. Great royal palms, hibiscus hedges, full of bloom, bananas everywhere, and cocoanut palms full of fruit, most gorgeous umbrella trees, the pepper, and, most graceful of all, the feathery mimosa, full of yellow flowers, coleus, great bushes, and such lovely vines and cactus! Opposite the house where we are is an actual

hedge of cactus, or, rather, the night-blooming cereus, which is all ready to bloom.

Just fancy it! The islands rise straight out of the water, and look in the distance like soft, green headlands, with houses clustering at the very base. The town is quite a town, when one gets into it, but looks very tiny as you approach in the steamer.

The docks were lined with American transports, war-ships, and monitors; one great steamer filled with our boys went slowly past us. We shouted "Chicago!" and forty hats went up. I tell you, at the sight of the flag and the soldiers, I broke down and had a good cry. The war, for the first time, has come straight home to me.

I want you children to see this beautiful place. In my next letter I will send you some of the flowers. Oh for Katherine to fill her hands full! Not Francis or Dorothy—they would eat them.

We had a delightful trip, take it all in all. Only one mishap. A sea broke in at the porthole and completely drenched father, who was under it. A flying-fish came on board; we watched the great gulls; had a Kipling afternoon reading, and quarrelled with two Englishmen over education of the masses, by way of variety.

This wonderful place! I am wild over it. The flowers and the fruit! If it weren't for my *grandchildren*, I'd never go back.

Father and I took the car—a mule bobtail—and went as far as it goes. It starts way up the valley, and goes winding down through the town, by the Chinese quarters, past the wharves, then to another residence part of the city, where are beautiful gardens and groves of mangoes and royal palms. Palms are common as grass; they are everywhere. The royal palm is very picturesque—and graceful, too. The fronds fall like immense ferns from the summit of the pillar, for a palm trunk is like an Egyptian column. Each successive leaf, as it dies off, leaves a broad brown ring, like a telegraph pole bound with bands of rusty iron.

I saw the tamarind tree this morning, filled with brown pods, nice and sour. It has the habit of our nut trees, round top, filled with brown pods hanging all along the ends of the branches.

The natives sit on the sidewalk, with their baskets full of leis, or garlands. I had a beauty brought me yesterday—a pale yellow flower, shaped like a morning-glory. These were threaded on a string, and then twined among and around was a glossy green vine, the whole over two feet long. You see these wreaths worn by natives everywhere, around the neck or the hat. The dress of the native women is a mother hubbard, and they go barefooted.

You see many Chinese and Japs. I go wild over the solemn Chinese baby with his little skull-cap and his pantallets that come to the little bare heels. The Jap baby sits astride of his mother's back and stares blankly at you and at the world.

The Chinamen go about with two baskets swung over their shoulders, looking as if they had just stepped out of a geography picture.

We don't suffer with the heat at all: we are at the mouth of a valley, and a soft, cool breeze blows down all the time. Down in the town it is warmer. Father went off this A. M. in his new duck suit, as happy as a lark. He told Barbara he looked like a canvasback duck in them. He had a new pair of tan shoes, and no one in the place can touch him.

We begin work next Monday. I have only forty minutes a day, so you see I shall not work hard. Father has two periods, and Miss Allen two. We don't have to work in the afternoon, for which I am thankful.

Doubtless, the papers have told you what a great time the soldier boys have passed through. In two hours they raised seven thousand dollars to entertain them. They have great tables set in the public square, and everybody sends fruit, cake, coffee, meat, and bread.

The bar-rooms would take no money, nor barbers, fruit-men, or boot-blacks. The government sent their letters free.

The last detachment sent home twenty thousand letters. They had boxes up, marked "Soldiers' Letter-box." People took them to ride; the horse-car lines asked no fare; in short, with the American flag flying everywhere, the windows decorated with the red, white, and blue, Dewey's picture surrounded by the colors, the girls with flag pins and the men with flag buttons, I begin to feel quite at home.

We have gone to keeping house, opposite the Spreckels palace. I am out on my own piazza, looking at the noble column of royal palms which leads up to his house. Judge Frear, whose wife is away, put his house at our disposal. We have a parlor, library, dining-room, and a bath, all on one floor. We have a Chinese cook and a Chinese maid.

Mrs. Townsend sends us milk from her own cow; the neighbors send in fruit; and *here we are*.

This morning the Institute opened. We have a large class, both natives and Hawaiians. I gave a short talk, and got through bravely.

Last Saturday we went to the Hawaiian market. Such a funny place! Open stalls and all sorts of fish, flesh, and fowl for sale. There were piles of wee dressed fishes and queer-looking lobsters, so different from ours, crawling all over each other; crabs, sea-urchins, live shrimps, a funny cake that looked like brown bread, made of seaweed, and a queer root they call taro; baked sweet potatoes and dried squid; bamboo for making hats.

After the market we took a carriage and drove to the top of one of the smaller mountains that rise almost abruptly behind the town. It was a most delightful ride back and forth, winding up, now past a lateral crater that looked like a small green bowl; now over cinders and volcanic rock, covered by great thickets of the lantern, which grows wild here; past great cacti and patches of an acacia that Mr. Jackson cultivated in his greenhouse, to the very top, where we caught a beautiful sunset over the ocean and saw the surf and the reef in the distance.

Oh, the blue of the ocean! I wish you could see it, a perfect sapphire, such color! It is divine.

This morning I had a long talk with Mrs. Dole, the wife of the President. We are going there to a reception Friday. She gave me her fan, one of the native ones, which I shall keep for a T. M. (tender memory).

On *our* place there are sixty kinds of fruit. We have been looking about. A row of bananas, full of great bunches, a more delicious variety than we get; Chinese oranges, used for sherbet; figs—we are to have some for supper; strawberry guava; alligator pears; papia, a big fruit, shaped something like a pear; cocoanuts; mangoes; oranges. All this we discovered before the rain, which drove us in. There is a big flower garden, and ferns and foliage — plants without end. There is no use talking. You must come to the Sandwich Islands, these islands that “lift their fronded palms in air”; you *must* see them.

Everybody asleep or out. Father is to lecture to-night, and I am, or have been, resting on the lounge. This house is a perfect delight. We are so quiet, and the garden is so beautiful. There are no ants, but, oh, the mosquitos! They literally swarm, especially as we are having a very damp season. It rains in the funniest way here. Just a cloud over the mountains, a drizzle to which no one pays any attention, walking serenely through it, even in white muslin; then blue sky again. This it does twenty or thirty times a day. You are never safe from it. I discovered a new palm — the Traveller’s, the one they get water from in the desert.

There is a transport due to-morrow, and *now* I am longing for a letter. I do hope you have written right along, so I shall hear. It does seem so far away.

“Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you!”

Yesterday was one of the most eventful of my life. About three o’clock Father came back and said we would ride out to the beach. He went to the telephone to order a carriage,

when we heard something said about annexation. We found a steamer was coming in, all covered with flags, and had signalled annexation. We drove to the wharf as fast as that horse could go. People were pouring in the same direction — men, women, and children, on foot and in carriages. All at once there was a burst of music — the Star Spangled Banner; the flag was unfurled, and, oh, how everybody cheered! President Dole was just in front of us, on his horse. He and Father shook hands and exchanged congratulations. He rode back and greeted me as a fellow-citizen. Then the procession formed, the band leading, and playing all our national airs. Flags appeared from every quarter; men fell in behind the band; carriages were covered with flags, and with everybody cheering, shaking hands, and rejoicing, we all went up to the capitol. There were speeches by those who brought the news, and cheers for everybody and everything.

Then we started for the papers and mail. Imagine our delight on finding there had been a great victory; the Spanish fleet had been sunk; then letters from home, saying there had been another great victory — that Father had been triumphantly re-elected and all was well with the school; can you imagine a fuller day? I was so tired with happiness I couldn't go to sleep.

Miss Chisholm sent me about fifty cuttings, some of them three columns long. So you see how much interest the election has caused. Strange to say, there wasn't a paper but was favorable and spoke of Father in the highest terms. Mr. White preached a sermon on Sunday on Higher Education, and in it spoke of the work, what it stood for, its ethical trend. When he called Father's name, the whole church broke into cheers. He then called for a rising vote, for those who would stand for the school and its work and would pledge themselves to either write or see some member of the Board before the election. Everybody voted, and a petition of over seven hundred went from the church.

All the Normal people went to the Board meetings, with a big white satin badge marked "Normal" on it. It was

the best fight of all, and called out the best people we have ever had. They have actually broken ground for the new building.

Father is very happy, for he feels this is really the last fight, and hopes to end his days in peace and comfort and work. He also feels that it was a great victory for education, for it was largely a move on the part of the politicians to take possession of the school for their own purposes, and the people called a halt.

I forgot to tell you that last night a great bonfire of tar-barrels and timber was lighted on the hill above us, the Punch Bowl, to announce to the other islands that Hawaii had received the news of annexation.

We are going to have a big celebration next week, when the official news comes from Washington.

Father and I took a lovely ride to-day to Diamond Heart. It is a volcano (extinct), a great headland of rock, just beginning to weather. At the foot of the rock cluster the lovely cottages close to the sea. There is a reef about a mile out and a line of breakers over which the water comes tumbling in. The natives take parties out in their surf-boats. We watched them waiting for a big wave. Up would go the bow of the boat, and they would come tearing in to shore, the spray flying over them.

Another funny thing was to see the Chinese out in the water up to their thin waists spearing for squid. We passed a lot of duck farms, rice-fields, and banana farms; but the best sight was a long row of date palms, filled with great bunches of dates, yellow and green. They were all very small and hung in large clusters, like yellow beads strung on flexible wires. The trunk of the date palm is very picturesque. As the leaves die out, they cut them off, and so the trunk has a sort of pineapple pattern all up and down. They all seem carved and artificial; they are not like trees — they are suggestive of old temples and ancient ruins.

We went into an ancient road-house where Robert Louis Stevenson wrote one of his books; a lovely place, with funny

balconies jutting out everywhere, and covered with banyan trees, and kept by a most picturesque Greek.

We also saw the new park, which is filled with date palms, and is full of lagoons, filled with lotus. Everywhere you turn there is so much beauty, so much grandeur. As we turned to go back, the mountains stood out against a background of black clouds; then the rain began to stream down between the valleys, and two beautiful rainbows stretched across the sky. On one side the blue sky and the blue ocean, and on the other dark clouds and frowning mountains.

I wish you could have been with us to have seen the night-blooming cereus. It is out now, and is a beautiful sight. Hundreds of great white blossoms filling the air with fragrance; such a wealth of beauty, and only for a night. The night-blooming cereus is a cup-like flower with yellow stems and narrow white petals, and, when open, about seven inches across. They are so crowded in that the stone wall is fairly white with them. Then they are so waxen and so magnificent — a quarter of a mile of elegance to make a banquet for the moths and beetles that crowd their cups in the morning.

Did I tell you that we had a reception given us last night at the high school? The teachers were all there, and we had music and refreshments. The best thing was a lot of native songs by the Hawaiians, whose folk-songs are intensely interesting. Like all primitive music, they have few notes, and the melody is very simple; the minor prevails, and through it all is a vague, undefined longing, an inarticulate soul; they never seem to find free and full expression. The voices are very sweet and clear, but you feel the sadness and incompleteness in everything they sing.

I feel stronger to-day than I have felt since I arrived. Our Chinaman is an excellent cook, and the house is very comfortable. *Quiet!* You can hear yourself think, it is so still; even the mosquitos don't sing.

Just a word before we leave for a luncheon. We are going up to see a girls' school, native, a beautiful place, over the hill, on the other side of the town.

Such a good breakfast! We begin with papaya and end with grapes. We eat alligator pears and have taro fried instead of potatoes. Taro is what they make the national dish out of. It tastes like starch; that is about the only thing that I do not like. When they have high feasts, they pound the taro and make it into a dish that tastes like sour paste — they call it poi — and many people like it, but I *don't*. There is another very pleasant thing here I haven't mentioned. Every night we look the beds carefully through for centipedes, shake out the pillows, pull down the sheets; then in the morning shake out our shoes and stockings. They are not pleasant, and "we in our house" don't want a bite, not this year. Mosquitos I am getting used to. I have a screen put over the lounge, and I sit or lie in my tent, and like to see them flattening their noses on the outside and wondering how they can get at me. Netting must be the Tantalus of the mosquito.

Home again after a most delightful day at Kamehameha, a large school for girls, endowed by a very wealthy lady, Mrs. Bishop, a native Hawaiian. Her husband founded a boys' school, museum, and did any quantity of things for these islands.

The house is most beautiful. It is built in a half-circular form, with stone court and fountain in front, and long colonnades stretching to right and left. Rooms open out upon the piazza (lania), and the interior is all finished in California redwood. Not a bit of paper anywhere. The school is for native girls, and has industrial features. After a most sumptuous dinner, cooked by the girls, we all went into the large hall, and the girls in an adjoining room sang the native songs for us. The royal song was exquisite, and the girls sang it with much expression. They are intensely loyal, and the Queen is expected back next week; so they are greatly aroused. The native Hawaiian feels very bad over annexation, and I expect there will be a demonstration when she gets back home. I shall go down on the wharf to see her come in and hear what the natives say. I read for the girls, and had a very charming time

with them. When we came away, Miss Pope, who is at the head of the school, presented me with a bowl made from a block of mahogany taken from Mrs. Bishop's old house. It is a rarely beautiful thing, and I shall prize it greatly.

Miss Pope took us beyond the school up to Mauna Loa to see a wonderful farm owned by Mr. Deacon. It should be called Lagoon, for it was literally a series of lagoons and islands. He had great rice-fields, banana groves, dates, and cocoanut palms, greenhouses, and even a sunflower patch.

The most interesting thing was a native house built exactly as they build them at Samoa, and filled with native curios. The Bishop Museum also has a great collection of native wares, which we are going to see some day.

I saw a cactus tree to-day — actually a tree. It was over twelve feet high, and the funniest thing you ever saw. I never believed the cactus was a tree before, although it is so classified.

Nine o'clock, and only think, with you it is about three o'clock in the morning. I don't like to be so far away. I have changed Gail Hamilton's "ten miles from a lemon" to five thousand miles from my grandchildren. I long for letters; only think, sweetheart, it is about three weeks since I heard from you, and when I do hear the news will be about two weeks old. We shall not leave here until the third of September, as Father wants to go to the volcano, and he cannot get away earlier and take that trip. We have lots of invitations for the other islands, and I know we shall have a lovely time. Each island presents certain definite characteristics, and I am glad we are to see them all. I wish I had six months here rather than six weeks.

We had an afternoon at home to-day, and it was a great success. Lots of people came, a Chinese lady in full costume among the rest. Miss Lawrence poured tea, and with the flowers and the doors all open it was very pretty.

It came out to-day that the teachers are making a col-

lection of the native work, wood, shells, etc., to give us to carry back with us. One brought me a lovely pair of shells to-day, and is going to send a doll's hat for Katherine.

The people are lovely. They will do anything for you. That calabash has great historical value. I am delighted with it. It is of Koa wood, the native mahogany. We are to have several pieces given us, and I will save one for Tom. The trees are not very numerous, but the woods are very beautiful and take a high polish.

We heard a good story of a native to-day. Some one asked him if he were married. "Non, non, too much pa-pa, too much mama." Another native calls marriage a "leg-tie"; a man who is married can't go to war, "his leg tied."

Did I tell you that we go home on the "Miowera," the same steamer that we came on, which leaves the first of September? It takes just eight days to go to America, so be sure, sweetheart, that you all have letters at the Vancouver Hotel for us, welcoming us to America once more. I shall be wild for letters from home; only think what may have happened in my absence. Don't fail to write, all of you, for I shall get homesicker and homesicker the nearer home I get. You can't think what angels you all seem at this distance.

We are to have a grand celebration on Thursday, the annexation celebration; a procession, addresses from the capitol, ending with a salute to the Hawaiian and the American flag, and in the evening a grand ball. I suppose I shan't go to that, but I wish I could.

I went into the Chinese stores after my lesson to-day, and, oh, how I wish I had a lot of money! They have exquisite things. The Chinese babies are great fun. I played with the sweetest little one I ever saw, in a shop, to-day; he was only six, and a perfect dear. They are so funny with their little shaved heads and funny eyes, just like a doll; they don't seem alive, for they won't smile or even wink.

I bought some lovely things, what I shall not say. You

must wait until Christmas, unless you come out and hunt and hunt and hunt. Don't you wish you lived next door, and could come in and help me unpack?

Well, this letter must go to-morrow, so good-bye, my own dear children. Mama prays it is well with you all and longs to see you.

Thursday, July 21, 1898.

I sent off a letter of over thirty pages to you all yesterday. I would almost give up this beautiful country for a sight of the "little head running over with curls" that used to greet me every morning and ask "Damma" to make "nice nest." Don't let her forget Damma, will you?

Yesterday we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Dillingham; very lovely people here, who have been the principal movers in Honolulu improvements. Mr. D. is at the head of the railroad now building around the island. After the summer school he is going to take us out on an expedition and show us the sights. Won't that be jolly? Friday we dine at the Hawaiian Hotel with Mr. Miller, the representative of the "Inter-Ocean," of Chicago. He is a very interesting man and a rather important factor in the newspaper world. We are getting a fine collection of native woods, shells, lava, seeds, mats, etc. The teachers are bringing me things every day. Land shells of most curious marking, snail shells. They grow upon the trees on the mountains. I have a number of duplicates, and shall save some for Katherine and Dorothy. Every day brings a new fruit. This morning I had a rose apple. It is about the size of a small peach, in shape of a quince, and tastes of roses and cinnamon, perfectly delicious. It has a funny, smooth, round seed about the size of a good plum-stone.

I went into the Chinese store this morning, and have a number of queer things selected which I am going to buy later on. They do such lovely ivory work. It is very expensive, though.

The mixture of races is interesting. Chinese, Japs, Hawaiians, Portuguese — all have their quarters and all are

to be met everywhere on the streets. They are in all degrees of assimilation, for you meet a Jap in full native costume and just behind him another in full European. One small Chinese had on his native costume and an American straw hat, and was riding a bicycle. I laughed aloud to-day when I met a Chinese boy about seven whistling "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night." Shut your eyes, and you would have believed he came from Chicago. I had a new sensation to-day. I rode into a rainbow. It was so close that I could have touched the place where it ended. If Father hadn't been with me, I should have gone down and found the pot of gold.

Father is having great success here. Everybody is delighted with him, and I think he will do a great deal of good. To-day they organized a society to push industrial and agricultural work, called the General Armstrong Industrial Society, in honor of General Armstrong of Hampton. Father meets quite a number of the young men every day and is stirring them up. They are all so fond of him. He will be a great inspiration in their lives. A Mr. Wood called this afternoon and took us up on Punch Bowl to see an extinct crater. We studied cuts in the hill, saw the black sand and tufa; we stopped and had learned discussions over gulches, and tried to see flood plains and lava tongues. I indeed found sermons in stones this afternoon, for I could hardly make head or tail of the whole discussion. Father found it most interesting, but for me, give me an active volcano spouting; then I'll see where the lava flows, determine lateral cones for myself, and decide whether it is wind or erosion which determines cinder heaps and black deposits.

It seemed much like some of Father's conundrums without the answers.

Mr. Dillingham gave me a very vivid description of Kilauea, the big volcano, now unfortunately not very active. The party went up on horseback, by the trail, and took a lunch. Then they watched the sunset and the great rolling mass of fire that brightened and deepened as the darkness

grew. The whole crater was filled with a molten mass of fire that seethed and surged against the cliff below them, sending up great masses of fire spray, which fell back into the crater, causing loud explosions of steam. They stayed watching this grand sight until midnight. Mr. Dillingham said that in certain parts of the crater, where there was less motion, the lava would cake over; then a central disturbance, more violent than usual, would break this surface up into huge masses that would slowly rise into the air, stand a moment like huge splinters of black rock, then slowly sink and melt from sight. Now the floor of the crater has sunk fifteen hundred feet below the surface. You could put the whole of New York into the crevice. Only steam with a slight reddening of lava is to be seen. Of course, it is intensely interesting even as it is; but think of what it must have been.

The best lesson I have had at all to-day.

After the lesson we rode down to my Chinaman (I've set up a Chinaman), a funny store with lunch place at the back, filled with all sorts and kinds of china and silk embroideries, with a sprinkling of furniture. I do wish I could bring some of it home. I bought several presents here. Isn't it lucky we are to be in the U. S.? Now I can take things home. The celebration will not take place until next week, as the "Philadelphia" has not arrived. We are looking for the transports every minute, and I do so hope that I'll get another letter from you.

My Chinaman took me in where they were lunching, and I saw them eating with chop-sticks. He also showed me how to use them. The Chinese are very deft and skilful with them, and it is a difficult thing to handle them. I am practising to astonish my grandchildren. They were eating funny little fishes about two inches long, all done up in some kind of long, stringy greens. It really looked nice, but I did not accept an invitation to lunch with them.

We dined last evening with Mr. Miller at the Hawaiian Hotel, which is beautiful and furnished in good taste. It has

open places, or courts, all around, and beautiful gardens. The hotel is built around a court, open at one side, and owns a great many cottages all about, where families can be accommodated. Just before we started last night, as we were sitting on the piazza waiting for a car, there was the most infernal squawk you ever heard over the garden wall. Then another and another, followed by a rustling of the branches. A stately peacock tiptoed across the lawn, his beautiful tail just lifted to escape the grass. He was the prettiest sight imaginable — the colors on his neck and the graceful way in which his tail feathers fluttered in the wind. Near the fence something startled him, and every feather was lifted and stood distinct and separate above his head. We just fairly revel in color here. I never saw such color effects.

To-night we are going to the Chinese theatre. A Chinaman is to take us and explain all about it.

Such a funny experience as we had last night! Imagine a huge barn with rafters and beams unfinished, a rude gallery with three private boxes on either side, the floor fitted with benches and filled with Chinamen, who smoked and kept their hats on. The only women were in the boxes—that is, there were perhaps with our party eight women present. The stage was a little less barren than the house; there was no attempt at decoration. Some curtains were put up at the stage entrances which were at the back of the stage.

All the action took place on a slightly raised platform, marked stage. All the properties needed were kept just back of this stage and handed to the actors as they were needed. The orchestra kept up a continual din and struck in any and every where. The acting was capital, the voices abominable, such yelling on one shrill key I *never* heard. Of course, the women's parts were taken by men, and their dresses and make-up were very effective.

The play didn't have a plot or plan, so far as I could see. It was a succession of funny little scenes. Two were quarrelling over stealing a calf; a woman who despised her husband because he didn't support her; a family quarrel over

the division of money when the father died; flirtations of the dissolute sons of a judge; the temptation of a very proud young man by a very haughty young woman; and a quarrel between a sister and a brother. All of these seemed little family episodes that might have happened in any neighborhood, but so far as any relation to the play was concerned, I couldn't see where it came in. There was an utter lack of dramatic unity.

The audience seemed highly amused. They talked and jabbered all the time, and were full of expression. The Chinese servant and his immovable face is one thing — a lot of them on their native heath, so to speak, is another thing.

One funny thing is the lack of scenery. You had to imagine a bedroom door, and the actor went through the pantomime of unlocking the door, and later the infuriated husband forced the same door with his sword to get at his unfaithful wife.

I was told some very interesting things the other night about the superstitions of the Hawaiians. They had, and still have to a limited extent, their medicine men. The hoodoo is their great superstition. A native gets word that he is being hoodooed or prayed to death by a Kahuna (medicine man), and, unless something can be done, he dies. Dr. Cassell was one day in the office when a native came in and told him that a Kahuna said he would be dead in two months. The Doctor laughed and said: "Tell her that *she* will be dead in two months; that I am a stronger Kahuna than she." He thought no more of it, but in two months after the man came in and said: "She is dead." "Who?" "Why, the Kahuna you prayed for." You see, she believed he was a Kahuna, and promptly died. Nothing can cure a native if he believes that he is being hoodooed. Dr. Cassell was a great favorite with the King, but after the above happened he was never invited to the palace; the King was afraid of him.

I am going up to the museum next week to see the native collections. Then I shall see their religious and medicine paraphernalia. Father has been there and says it is a great study.

Yesterday I did not write, for it was our reception day. Such a lot of callers and such a delightful time. I haven't told you much about the people, but they are charming. If I were well, I should be overwhelmed with engagements.

A Mr. Dodge and his wife called yesterday. He is a poet and an artist as well. He goes to all my lessons, and seems to enjoy my work. I am to read one of his poems to the class to-morrow. He brought me six pictures, two beautiful ones of the night-blooming cereus. I am so glad, for I can give you some faint idea through them of its beauty.

One lady brought me a straw pillow, made by the natives, and a tortoise-shell taro blossom for a hairpin. It is very quaint and curious. The same lady brought some shells.

Mrs. Crabbe gave me a Samoan fan, a very singular thing; and another lady brought Father a vase made from the wood of the tree fern; it is very beautiful in shape, carving, and color. We also had some colored photographs and a hundred specimens of ferns from one of the teachers. The photos are very tempting. I bought five dozen yesterday.

Did I write you that ground had been broken for the new building at home? The whole upper part of the building is to be a museum with cases (glass) in which to lock up things. When we get everything out and labelled, it will be seen how industrious we have been.

Judge Frear is one of the new commissioners to draw up laws for governing our new possessions here. He is a charming man, and frequently comes in to dinner with us. Mr. Dillingham, his father-in-law, was in last night to see about our trip on the railroad. He owns the principal part of the stock, and wants us to see the road before we leave. He proposes that we drive half around the island to the head of the road in private carriages, then go the rest of the way on the railroad. All this when we return from our volcano trip.

I hear wonderful accounts of the food and water part of that expedition. Miss Ely said she spent the whole night alternately bracing herself in her berth and climbing the wall, varying the performance by standing on her head at

intervals. I think I stand a fair chance of being seasick, but shall take my chance, all for the sake of seeing a real live volcano.

Another red-letter day yesterday. After my lesson I did a little shopping, and then home for lunch. At two a carriage came to the house, and Father, Mr. Wood, and myself started for the Pali. Pali means wall and is a narrow pass through the mountains to the ocean on the other side of the island. Just fancy riding across a continent in about two hours. It was a glorious ride up the side of the hill, past summer residences and Portuguese gardens of carnations and anemones, past the reservoirs, and finally, as the pass narrowed, through great thickets of the haw tree, which makes a perfect jungle. The ferns were something too beautiful to imagine. Great fronds three and four feet long, and making a veritable fairyland. We looked down a great bowl by the side of the road; the Australian palm completely festooned with vines; a little pool filled with lily pads; great tree ferns, and ferns of every description clothing the sides; and here and there the tea plant with its great, broad leaves making spots of lighter green. Father could hardly drag me away. There was one fern in particular that was very effective; it was a dark green after it had been out awhile and turned, but a light red when it first came out. Must get some fronds for you.

Finally, the walls narrowed to just the road, with tall red lava cliffs perfectly perpendicular rising on either side. We turned a corner and the wind fairly blew us against the rocky corner — then such a sight! We were on a narrow rocky platform; the walls dropped straight down three hundred feet, and below, stretching three miles, the plain, and beyond the great glorious ocean, pale blue or deep sapphire, a foaming line for the reefs, and near the shore every shade of the opal.

To north and south stretched the shore line, a series of palisades, looking like the inside of a crater, then, nearer the coast, low, worn hills, or cinder mounds. To the south the

clouds swept in rainy sheets, twisting and writhing on in long, grey, vaporous masses down the ravines. It was a sight for men and gods, and I wish I could pitch my tent there for a month and let its beauty rush into my soul. The valleys were under cultivation, with rice-fields and pineapple farms, and on the flanks of the mountains were native trees making every shade of color imaginable. The earth is red in the valley, and so every plant stood out against a red background. I have exhausted my vocabulary. Adjectives won't do justice to the situation. And they say that the trip to Hawaii is grander! What shall I do?

Two lectures more. It seems like a dream, a beautiful dream, the three weeks I have spent here. If I only had you all here and could stay six months!

This pass is the famous one where Kamehameha I. drove the natives up and closed in upon them and forced them over the precipice. It is supposed to be the site of the tremendous volcano that made this island. This was Dana's theory, but of course it is disputed by some. Certainly the walls look like the crater of a huge volcano, and there is lava and mud, not to speak of cinders, enough to warrant the belief.

This morning I talked upon child study to a large audience. Ever so many delightful people there. You can't think the invitations I have had to lunch, drive, spend the night or a week at beautiful places.

A lady brought me some shells, a basket, several necklaces of beads, seeds and shells, and some beautiful lace woven by the Portuguese. Our collection is growing fast. Mr. Ward is going to bring me another calabash.

I have just discovered that I have spelled his Majesty's name, Kamehameha I., the Napoleon of Hawaii, wrong. I think he was gay, from all I hear of him, and I wish to do him all honor and give him all the vowels he is entitled to.

He was more liberal in his intercourse with the whites than most of the natives, and in this encounter with the natives of Oahu, the island upon which Honolulu is situated, he had the help of John Young, sixteen white men, well

armed, and a cannon. It was fear of the cannon that drove the natives over the Pali, or precipice. That is spelled Pali. Dear me, I'll stop writing any more history if I have to spell the names.

Last day of school. I have been at every lesson, and ended in a blaze of glory. Best lecture last. We have an evening lecture and farewell reception, and then for a month's rest. I am so thankful that I could put the thing through and grow stronger all the time. The people are all delighted with the work we have done. Every evening lecture has been crowded, and the whole thing a great success.

Last night I was in paradise; but I haven't said that before, have I? A veritable paradise. At six we took a carriage drive along the shore, past the palm groves and the rice-fields, the lengthening shadows of the mountains, and finally came to Mrs. James Castle's, where we were invited to dinner. The house is set far back from the road, surrounded by a beautiful lawn and magnificent trees. As we stepped out upon the piazza, such a sight as burst upon our enraptured eyes! The house is literally upon the edge of the ocean, which stretches, with never an island, clear to the horizon. To the right the shore gently curves a matter of thirteen miles or more, ending in a high range of mountains, the shore fringed with royal and cocoanut palms that in the lower stretches stand out against the sky. Behind the farthest range the sun was just setting; great white, fleecy clouds were piled high in the sky over our heads, all ready to catch the golden glow. The rim of the mountain was deep purple and the shadows and mists violet. Punch Bowl, a cinder cone, took greenish-grey shadows against the darker range back of it. The sea was a brilliant sapphire, golden where the clouds were reflected; the sky, that wonderful blue that you see only in atmospheres as absolutely pure as in these islands. A wide veranda passes clear around the house, with cane chairs and lounges with cushions everywhere, and great palms and statues against the pillars. Back of this was an immense room furnished in the French style, beau-

tiful furniture, every piece a gem; desk, rosewood inlaid with ivory, seats built in, and inviting cushions. Books, rare china, fine paintings all about, but I got out to the view as soon as possible. I watched the sun set, and about half past seven two Chinese servants brought out the table almost ready for dinner. It was beautiful. Six silver candlesticks, a bank of roses, the glass Venetian, with Venetian pitchers, for the eight courses, besides coffee and mint.

The company was distinguished. Murat Halstead, the newspaper correspondent, Minister Thurston and his wife, and Mrs. Carter, a very lovely woman, whose husband was killed in the last rebellion.

Murat Halstead is a most interesting man, quite old, very quaint in his style, full of reminiscences. Thurston is a man you will hear from — young, active, a good talker, with every statistic of this island at ready command.

Last, but not least, the host and hostess were charming. Mr. Castle is a sugar planter, and his wife a very attractive woman. She was dressed in white satin, a *directoire*, and looked as if she had just stepped out of a picture.

Think what it must be to live where one can in a second step into all that glory of ocean and land! Of all the pictures, that is the most beautiful, and I am going to see it again — I am blest above women.

Friday I gave my last reading, in the evening. Saturday A. M. at half-past nine we took the car to the depot, met a party of twenty-five people, and started on our journey upon the only steam railway on the island. It has been built only a few months, in the interest of the sugar plantations, and runs about two-thirds around the island. It connects with Pearl Harbor, a beautiful inlet that is to be dredged and will be a great shipping port for rice, sugar, and fruit.

The sugar plantations are perfectly immense. We saw great fields of cane growing; there are large sugar manufacturing plants, and row after row of cottages for the Chinamen and Japanese that work on the plantations.

We saw the natives planting rice, ankle-deep in water, a bunch of plants in one hand, and root by root they stuck the single shoot into the mud. The rice-fields are a succession of plots of ground separated by grassy ridges, one below the other, so that the water can run from rice-patch to rice-patch. These fields are an exquisite green, and from the mountains, as you look down upon them, are beautiful white sand beaches, with black lava rocks thrust out into the sea. We drove past the tall, gaunt cliffs, where hardly a green thing was to be seen, just high sand dunes; along rocky beaches, high above the ocean, where the water had carved the lava into all sorts of fantastic shapes, until at last we reached the end of the road. There we found carriages waiting us, and drove until luncheon was ready, which we had in a box-car with long seats on either side, a splendid lunch, and then we spread out along the beach, hunting shells, sea-urchins, and crabs until it was time to go home.

It was a distinguished company, Professors galore. Among them the U. S. Geologist, on his way to the Philippines, and Professor Becker, a very interesting man.

To-day we went up to lunch with Professor and Mrs. Mead. They are up in the valley just above us, a view of sea and mountain and cloud that would do your heart good. You can't imagine the beauty of this island. I so long to be well and strong, and to climb and walk, and walk and climb, until I have made its beauty a part of my very being.

Mrs. Mead was very kind to me, and I had a good rest on a great roomy lounge in the corner where out of a large window I could see the hills across the valley. President and Mrs. Dole, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson, and several others were there. After lunch a lot of people came in.

To-morrow is the first day of August. We have thirty lovely days left, and then that ocean trip. What a summer I have had, and only think I am growing stronger all the time!

Yesterday noon I went over to the Kamehameha School to lunch with Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, who have charge

of the boys' school. We enjoyed our lunch and had a nice talk, then went up to the Bishop Museum, a fine stone building on the grounds.

Its foundation and success is due to a large estate left by Mr. Bishop in memory of his native wife, one of the royal family and a very cultured and beautiful woman; and the devotion of its curator, Mr. Brigham, who has travelled all about the world, studying museums, and is a most persistent student and collector. Each group is arranged in alcoves and can be studied carefully. It is wonderful—the fineness of carving and delicacy of design on the part of men who are regarded as the lowest of savages. The cannibals did the best work of them all. Their tools are of the rudest description, but the result is a work of art, fine in design and chaste in coloring. I saw a disk of tortoise-shell mounted on a disk of ivory (to be worn as a head ornament) that wasn't any thicker than paper (the tortoise-shell, I mean) and was as delicate as lace, it was so finely cut. The white ivory showing through the dark of the tortoise made it look like a beautiful piece of inlaid work.

A steamer goes to-morrow. Will write on the trip I am to take to-day. With ever and ever so much love to my dear ones.

August 3.

A new letter begun. Will you ever be able to read all I send you?

To-day has been a lazy day. We are taking a day off. Yesterday, after sending your letter, I began packing a valise for the south-west island — I have forgotten its name. We got ready, drove to the steamer, and then found that the "Philadelphia" would arrive the next day. As we did not wish to lose the annexation ceremonies, we drove back and unpacked again.

We had an invitation to dinner at Mrs. Carter's, so I telephoned her that I had changed my plans. We dressed and drove out to Aikiki. This is the same beautiful suburb of which I wrote you, and Mrs. Carter's house is next Mrs.

Castle's, the lady who had the Greek veranda. Mrs. Carter's is slightly back from the ocean; the whole side of the house can be opened by lifting slatted sections that, when raised, serve as a cover. The lawn is beautifully kept, and shaded by the algaroba tree, which droops softly, giving glimpses of the ocean as you sit on the lawn in the great willow chair filled with soft cushions. The house is admirable. There is a beautiful piano, books, cushioned seats, exquisite embroideries — everything so sweet and inviting. Mrs. Carter is charming, full of life, and a lovely mother. She has two children, a boy and a girl. There were four little tables on the lawn, and we had our dinner there. The moon rose over great Diamond Head; the sun went down in a bank of clouds; there was a lunar rainbow, a thing I had never seen before. We got home about eleven, and slept all night long. Even after such a day I am not very tired, but, as I say, Father and I are resting and getting our letters off. Did you ever see a lunar rainbow? It arched across the sky in the regulation manner, and the colors, though faint, were very distinct. It is a rare sight, and I think we were very fortunate.

This morning about eleven the "Philadelphia" was signalled, and so of course we went down to see her come in. The wharf was crowded with people; the carriages lined the sides of the street; the guns were booming, and the band on the tug playing national airs. The great monster slowly swung to her moorings, splash! went her anchor, and then a salute of seven guns. Everybody is waiting anxiously to hear what news she brought, and Father and I are going down by and by to see whether the war is over or not.

It's the funniest thing about the children. I see any quantity of things for Katherine, but for poor little Francis and Dorothy I can't see a thing that is suitable. I do wish they would hurry up and grow, and get some sense, and then I'd have some in regard to them. The trouble is, everything goes into their mouths.

I am keeping house. It isn't much trouble, for a China-

man is perfection when you understand him and he you. He just gets through his work, and it is well done, too. I'd give anything to have one in the house at home. They are splendid workers and fine cooks.

Yesterday we went down to the Chinese quarter, and spent an hour, just looking around. We found several things — a basket or two; but the best was an old carved soapstone vase perfectly charming in color, for which I paid only seventy-five cents. It was a great find, and will be perfectly lovely in the library.

We came home, dressed, had dinner, and in the evening Mrs. Dillingham, Judge Frear, Mrs. Carter, and Mr. Lowrie, her cousin, came. Mrs. Dillingham brought over her collection of paintings of native fish, for us to see, a hundred or more. After we had looked them over, I read for an hour from Sidney Lanier,—“The Marshes of Glynn,” “Owl against Robin,” “The Song of the Chattahoochee,”—and “Field Notes” from Sill. It was a lovely evening, take it altogether.

Warm and beautiful this morning. The birds are chattering, the hibiscus full of red blossoms, and, as I look across, the stately palm trees are slowly waving in the breeze. The algaroba trees stand out against the deep blue sky, and the monkey-pod tree shines and glistens against the white of the Spreckels grand mansion opposite. Father has gone down town, and I am writing before I dress to go to lunch with President and Mrs. Dole.

We fear we shall not see the flag raised, after all. This morning it was stated that the celebration would not take place until Friday, and on Friday we must go to Hawaii, if we go at all. Too bad, for it is to be a great affair, and we have lost the trip to an island already.

Yesterday at nine we started for the Pali again for an all-day trip. The scenery was grander even than the other day, when it was clear sunshine. The clouds and mists rolling in and breaking over the numerous peaks made beauty

and constant change. The rain clouds drop in sheets way over the ocean and down to the valleys. It was a novel sensation to see driving rain on the hillsides on each side of us and to be in the middle perfectly dry. But it wasn't so nice when we reached the narrow place in the valley where they both came together, driving from either side. We went clear over the mountain, down the valley, to visit a sugar plantation, one of the oldest in the island. The manager was away, but his book-keeper took us all over the factory, explaining the process of sugar making. We then went out on the coral reef, had a fine lunch, and inspected Mr. Fisher's bachelor quarters, then went up to the manager's house to see his garden and some photos, then over the mountain and home.

The scenery is particularly fine on that side of the island, and the color divine, as we looked across the bay to the great cinder heaps, piled so picturesquely around the arm of the bay—a peninsula that curves out into the sapphire blue of the great ocean. These cinder heaps have no verdure whatever, and are broken and ridged all along the sides and the top. They are a piney grey that changes to blue and violet in the shadows, and stand out against the blue of the sky and ocean in bold relief. How I wish every day of my life that Nellie were here to see this wealth of color! I never wanted to paint so in my life as since I have been here.

Father has decided what to get for Francis,—a complete suit of a baby Chinaman. Won't he look cunning? I never saw anything funnier than the little Chinese as they toddle about the street. I ordered a kimona for Katherine yesterday, and am trying to find one small enough for Dorothy, but haven't succeeded yet. A kimona is the dress of a little Jap. The people put them on in the morning and at night, over their night-dresses as a sort of dressing sack. It is great fun getting together things for the school cabinet. I have added some pillows, straw hats of the Hawaiians and the Chinese; their funny sandals, and some lovely baskets.

I am about ready to go home. There is too much to see. The longer you stay, the more places you have to go to, and

each lovelier than the preceding. The Cook tourist plan is the best. You don't stay long enough to find out what you have missed, and so go away convinced you have seen everything worth seeing. Great is Cook!

The sea was divine. Full tide, every color imaginable. The reef about a quarter of a mile out makes the most fascinating line of breakers; as they curled up, sometimes they were pure jade green; while above, the wind blew the white tops in glistening spray far along over the water. The far sea was a deep sapphire; just inside, a line of deep purple; inside that, green, yellow, brown, pink, and, in certain shallow places, pure opal glints — the whole being indescribable. No one, unless he sees it, has or can have any idea of the beauty of these islands, the perfection of color.

The Doles' house is an ideal house for the seashore. It has one immense room, forty by fifty, with sides that pull up so that two sides of the room can be out-of-doors. At one end of the room is an immense window, and before it tall palms, and ferns of all descriptions hanging from the roof. In one corner a great wide lounge, covered with Turkish striped curtains, and the corner draped with curtains of the same description. The whole room is of reddish wood, with the beams all inside and in sight. A blue-covered sideboard fills one corner, willow chairs everywhere, small and large tables, books, cushions, and long Jap chairs that you can lie full length in and watch the waves beat against the shore just below.

In addition to this huge room, there are three bedrooms and a kitchen; also a dressing-room or two. There is a stable, and fine trees, algaroba, cocoanut palms, and ironwood. The rest is sand, white and fascinating. The whole is situated right under Diamond Head, which rises abruptly at the back, with only a road between. On the ocean side you can see nothing but the ocean.

Too hot to sleep — about the hottest day I have felt yet. For a wonder, we haven't had a shower to-day, usually an hourly occurrence.

Yesterday afternoon we had a good long ride. Went up over Telegraph Hill and down to the other side of the island. We came to a lovely sandy beach, covered with shells and sea-moss. How the children would have enjoyed it! We drove along the hard sand for a couple of miles, then struck the main road, and home.

We had the girls and the two Smith brothers over to dinner, and with callers had a very pleasant evening.

To-morrow at one we start for a most interesting trip. Mr. Dillingham is to take us for a tour of the island. We drive over the Pali, down the other side to Mr. Judd's, where we stay all night. The next morning to a big plantation for lunch, from there to Walter Dillingham's ranch for the night, and come home on the railroad the next morning.

Mrs. Judd is the niece of the Attorney-General, and has a lovely place way down on the shore.

After this trip we can be sure we have seen the island here pretty thoroughly.

I must finish up this letter, for I believe there is a steamer going to-day. *Think* of the letters I have written you! The next time I go to a foreign clime, I'll take my family along.

Flag Day is surely Friday. Saturday we start for Hawaii and the volcano. Too bad that it isn't in action, isn't it? But we shall see the big crater, the twisted and broken lava, and the wonderful ferns—tree ferns galore. I shall have lots to tell you in my next.

Honolulu, Aug. 5, 1898.

I wish you and Father could see this place. The scenery is perfectly beautiful. The islands have a color peculiar to themselves, and, fortunately, they have an artist. There is a Howard Hitchcock, who is a wonderful colorist, and who has exhibited in Paris and Boston, that lives here and has painted many beautiful scenes. At the Bishop Museum, which strives to preserve everything pertaining to

the islands, they have several fine pictures of the volcanoes painted by him. He finds ready sale for his pictures, and charges *prices*. I would so like something of his, but a mere sketch of his costs a cool fifty — and I cannot afford it.

The wealth of color here would make an artist's fortune. These islands will be visited before long by painters. Just fancy a tree almost as big as the elms on the Boston Common completely covered with golden flowers, hanging like huge clusters of wistaria from every part of the tree. They call it the golden shower, and it is rightly named. Then, too, the *Ponciana regia* is a gorgeous tree. It spreads out in great flat branches, something like an umbrella tree; it is of enormous width; and then bears a great cluster of somewhat flat blossoms the most gorgeous flame color I have ever seen. Pure carmine and scarlet, if that combination can appeal to your artist's soul, for the flowers have all the vividness of the scarlet and the richness of the carmine. It fairly glows.

The hibiscus grows in hedges, and is aflame; the alamander is that vine that bears a yellow flower something like a trumpet flower — Mr. Jackson had it in the greenhouse, only here it runs riot over the very house-tops. The houses, with but few exceptions, are one-story, with a veranda, or "lania," at the front, and with nothing but a slatted door like a blind. The furnishing is simple — willow furniture, but, as a rule, very artistic. They take a great deal of pride in the lawns; keep them green and well-cut; with here and there great clumps of trees or ornamental shrubs. The avenue of palms is a great feature in the more pretentious places, and is a great addition to the landscape.

I go as often as I can to the stores — Japanese and Chinese. I am picking up an odd bit here and an odd bit there for the house. I have had a number of fans given me, and think I shall start a fan collection.

Yesterday I was at the Honolulu market. It is a huge, open place, with Chinese principally as venders. I wouldn't eat some of the fishes; it would seem as if I were chewing



PORTRAIT OF MRS. PARKER AT 30 YEARS

paint, they are such gorgeous reds, greens, blues, and purples. I saw one fish with first a stripe of pure green, then one of white, then a blue, and then a white followed by a purple, and all in perfect harmony. No parrot was ever more gorgeous. There were a half-dozen equally startling, and the Chinamen had them put side by side, a perfect rainbow of color. Their lobsters are perfectly lovely, a greeny, yellowy effect, decidedly æsthetic. I would like, if he would keep, to hang one up, or rather a dozen, in a string beside my looking-glass for a color effect. Why not? Color is color, even in a lobster. I insist he is decidedly decorative, and would be recognized as such by Morris & Co.

Frank went to the Queen's reception this A. M. I was not able to go, and was very sorry, as it was a great sight. There was the most profound reverence on the part of the people; they knelt and kissed her hand, and everybody was in tears. She was surrounded by her ladies in waiting; a row of natives, in full Prince Albert costumes and silk hats, stood from gate to door, and a member of her court chanted the royal eulogy, a sort of wail, that was very touching, together with the tears and the sad faces. The Hawaiians are a fine people, gracious in manner, kind, and of splendid development. There is a very friendly feeling between most of the whites and the Hawaiians, a great contrast to the relations between the Southerner and the negro. I hope President McKinley will be wise in his generation, and send the right man here. There will be bad feeling if a very prudent man isn't chosen to be at the head of affairs.

Be sure you all mail letters to meet me at Vancouver. We sail the thirty-first of August, and, of course, I shall be wild for news that is only seven days old. Just fancy! Edna's letter, which I got Monday, was written the seventh, about three weeks old. I feel far away from my kith and kin.

We had a lovely ride yesterday over the Pali. For a wonder, it didn't rain. It was a gorgeous day, and we saw

the mountains under a totally different aspect. Mr. Dillingham came for us in a wagonette, full of good things to eat and cushions to make us comfortable. We had ginger ale on ice and grapes, cold and delicious. The ride was a delight. There were only four of us, Mr. D., Miss Allen, Father, and I. We stopped at Mr. Damon's, where they had pineapples and lemonade and cake out on the lawn. They had heard we were coming, and were watching for us. From there, ten miles to the Swanzis' home, it was a delight. Close to the shore with the mountains darkling above us, a perfect ride. We arrived at six-fifteen. There were about ten of us at dinner; then a jolly evening, and to bed. The old Judd place, where we are staying, is one of the oldest on the island. They own over a thousand acres. The scenery is magnificent. The mountains rise straight up above the house; the lawn slopes down to the road, about a quarter of a mile, and the place is full of magnificent trees, the tallest I have ever seen on the island. They are as big as our elms on the Common, and you can't imagine how lovely they are, a group of fifteen or more, with cocoanuts off to the left, going straight up into the blue.

No time to finish this letter. Too muchee goodee time. We left Mrs. S.'s about eleven, had a delicious lunch, which she put up for us and which we ate beside the ocean. The whole day was a succession of beautiful views, both of ocean and mountains, for we kept close to the ocean all the way. We stopped and picked up shells at various points all along the trip, and after a delightful cloud effect, and a narrow escape of a shower, arrived at half past five at a sugar plantation, where we spent the night. Mr. Ward's wife was away, but he made us comfortable. We had a two-room cottage all to ourselves and a delicious bath of *hot* water. I tell you the men on these sugar plantations live well, and their servants are perfection.

We made an early start, seven-thirty, and got to Walter Dillingham's ranch at one o'clock. We found twenty Japs waiting to lift the carriage over a break in the road.

It was fun to climb down the rocks and go along the beach while it was going on. At the place where we stopped we had beer and sandwiches, saw an explosion of thirty-five blasts the railroad men were making, went up to a native place and got four shell belts, which are made there, and then on to the ranch.

Walter D., only about twenty-three, is managing an immense cattle ranch, and doing it finely. He served an excellent lunch, and after we saw the fruit, stock, and chickens, likewise his charming rooms, we were driven to the cars, and here we are. We ran down a freight-car, and are detained, and so I am improving the time.

On the trip I was fortunate enough to get a tapa beater, a stone axe, fan, shell leis, a calabash, stone lamp, and one of their stone dishes, which they use for a sort of tenpin game. All of these things are very rare, and we consider ourselves fortunate to get hold of them.

How I wish we had Mabel and her camera along! She would have gone wild over the scenery. It is so beautiful.

Mr. Dillingham has been the most charming of hosts. Everything possible has been done for our comfort, and we have had even luxuries on the trip. Miss Allen and myself wore bicycle suits, and have taken solid comfort.

The trip has done me a world of good. I am as brown as a berry and look so well. You can't imagine how happy I am to feel that I am really getting well and strong again. Strange to say, I have stood the trip better even than Miss Allen. We have been over the ground where Mr. Dillingham has just started a big sugar plantation. He is the promoter of the railroad, and instrumental in the formation of what is known as the Ewa Sugar Plantation. The new plantation stock is just put on the market, three millions, and you may know people's confidence in him, for in five days one-half of it has been taken. He is a power, and it is delightful to hear him tell the steps that led up to his investments and the manner in which he has fairly pushed people into the development of the island.

We have a private car, and our team is on board; so

you can see we are travelling in great style, despite our bicycle suits.

To-morrow is flag raising. I do not believe I shall see much of it, as this accident will delay us, and we have to be packed and start on our volcano trip Saturday at eleven.

"Off agin; on agin; gone agin.—Flanigin."

We got home about eight. Thanks to the accident, found "Ah Jam," our own Celestial, in a boiling rage, but managed to get something to eat, nevertheless. We distress his orderly soul to such an extent that I expect he will give thanks at his joss-house for our departure.

This morning at eleven we started for the Government building. Ceremonies were at high noon. We had tickets to the first balcony, and, as they were in the front row of seats, had a splendid view of all the exercises. The official stand was built directly in front of the main entrance, just under the balcony. The Hawaiian Guards were drawn up on either side; the U. S. troops way down to the front entrance, a solid column of men, twenty-five in a row. They fired a salute to the flag so soon to come down after the delivery of papers to President Dole and a short speech by Minister Cooper. Then played the Hawaiian national tune, "Hawaii Ponoï," and the flag came slowly down. It was as still as death, and tears stood in the eyes of nearly every one present. A salute was fired, the Star Spangled Banner played by the band, and then the Stars and Stripes were slowly hoisted upon the four sides of the building. A cheer went up, but was quickly hushed, for every one respects the feelings of the natives, and tried not to show too much feeling. The whole scene was most dignified and impressive. I am glad that I was in it. This republic will mean much to me, and if I were younger and didn't have any grandchildren I should, I think, settle here. It is God's country, if ever there was one.

This afternoon has been a hard one — packing. I have to provide for our trip, arrange so I won't have to unpack on my return, and also provide for steamer travel and our trip over the mountains as well. What a month is before me!

I shall be literally crammed with scenery — fancy a volcano and the Canadian Pacific, all in one month! My next letter will start from Vancouver, and will be an account of the volcano.

Won't you be thankful when these long letters cease? You must be all worn out, and will rejoice when I return to my native land — and a typewriter. By the way, before I close, I must tell you a little adventure I had this afternoon. Everything was over the bed, and I went to pick up a grasshopper and throw him out of the window. It didn't feel just right, so I dropped him, and, as he straightened out into a combination of a grasshopper and dragon-fly without wings, I called Miss Lawrence. She called out, "Don't touch it! It's a scorpion!" So you see I've seen one, and a lively one, too, for the way he ran around with his business end in air after we put a glass over him was a caution.

Hilo, August 14, 1898.

We started bright and early on Saturday A. M. Many friends came down to the boat to see us off, and literally covered us with leis. I had a white carnation, two red carnations, a white and red carnation, a yellow and white, one of the royal yellow, and a long green one of fragrant leaves — I have forgotten its name. The reporter of the "Inter-Ocean" took a snap-shot at us. There was a party of students from Kamehameha School, and they sang in Hawaiian as the boat pulled out. It was great fun, for the wharf was crowded and everybody was cheering and waving. It was a glorious steam the first day, clear and bright, in sight of islands all day long, and I wasn't sick. Didn't sleep very well, for they tramped up and down all night, after the fashion of steamer tourists; and the boat rolled and pitched past all reason.

Volcano House, August 15, 1898.

Here we are again! Beautiful morning, clear as a bell, and the great lava plain stretching out before me, and the smoke from the volcano rising like a cloud of incense from the centre. A real volcano, even if it is half dead.

We had a lovely room at the Hilo House, a nice bath, but nothing to eat. Started early in the morning, in a wagonette, Miss Camp, Mr. Pond, Miss Allen, Father, and I. I rode on the front seat and looked. Such a landscape I never saw! The island is a high plateau, hardly eroded at all. Coming up over the ascent, the rise of the beautiful flat road, as black as coal, was so gradual as hardly to be noticeable. Ferns of every description lined the road; tree ferns, climbing ferns running even to the tops of the trees, and the beautiful screw palm, a sort of palm with clusters of spiked leaves, here and there and everywhere. Down in the hollows, where there was a little more water, were great clusters of the wild banana. The trailing ground-pine was everywhere, growing to the height of two and three feet. The road has been built only a few years, and it was interesting to study the cuttings in the road, the little lava caves, made by the cooling of the upper crust, the deposits of ashes, and the ah-ah (broken lava). Coming up, within seven miles of the volcano, we were hailed all along the road; one lady brought out a great bunch of calla lilies, twenty-five in the bunch. They blossom all the year around, and grow like weeds. At Mrs. Snow's they brought us a pan of water lemons, and Father a great bouquet of calla lilies and ferns, the rest of us small bouquets of roses, heliotrope, and ferns. Next Mrs. Townsend was waiting, and we stopped to call upon her and her brother, the artist, Howard Hitchcock. We saw his pictures, and had a delightful chat with him. When we went away, Mrs. Townsend picked me a great bunch of pink begonia and another of heliotrope. Just fancy a bush of heliotrope as big as a lilac bush, and crowded with blossoms! I never saw such flowers and such color. A hydrangea not a foot high had fifteen big clusters on it. It looked exactly as if some one had picked a great bouquet and left it on the ground.

Soon we reached the Volcano House. It stands about two hundred and fifty feet above the old bed of the volcano, a steep, precipitous wall, covered with ferns, berry bushes, and low trees. At the very foot, and stretching for miles,

you see a black mass of lava, broken, piled every which way, corrugated, with great seams and cracks running in every direction. In the very centre you see a thick cloud of smoke, while thin, wavering lines of vapor are here and there running along the crevices. The big smoke indicates the crater, while the thin lines show that there is still fire beneath, even close by the house. The crater is more than six miles long and about five wide; the deep hole in the very centre is five hundred feet deep, with a great crack or crevice, out of which the smoke pours, the whole bowl being filled with it. Every once and awhile the wind whisks the vapor away, and you see the bottom, all covered with rough rocks, and the huge crevice out of which the vapor rolls continually. No one can go down into the crater, because of the sulphurous fumes. It is awful when the wind blows it up into your face, for we are standing five hundred feet above.

To get to the central hole from the Volcano House is quite a ride. You go zigzagging down the cliff two hundred and fifty feet, then on to the bed of lava, which is the most confused and broken up mass of slag that ever could be imagined.

It is black, a steely black, except in the cracks; there the sulphur and other deposits have colored it yellow, red, white, and all shades of purple. In spots you see great patches of yellow, and find thick incrustations of sulphur. But the lava! Imagine a great mass of tar poured down and twisted into every imaginable shape, big billows, rope twists, great swirls, and then cooling and breaking unevenly, and you have the surface of what must have been little short of hell itself when it was one red-hot mass.

The lava field to-day is as bare as your hand, save here and there a fern. The last great flow was in '94, but did not reach far. Think of the infinite patience of Nature. The lava will decay, lichen will creep over it, the mosses and the ferns follow, then the wild shrubs, and the trees; silently and steadily, soil will be preparing; the stream will begin to trickle down, eroding the lava more and more, and in a thousand years, perhaps, a great coffee and sugar plantation

with busy laborers hard at work will cover what was once a boiling, dashing sea of fire. "O God, a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday."

August 17, 1898.

It is raining and misty and the air is full of moisture. Everything we put on here is wet, and it is a wonder that everybody doesn't get his death of cold.

Yesterday afternoon we went over to the sulphur holes and were nearly stifled. They are interesting, but not so much so as the Yellowstone; there are no formations here. In the evening, we had singing. I recited, and Professor Ingals gave us a tame bear and monkey and hand organ exhibition. I wish — oh, how I wish — you were all here!

Hilo.

Got down about one P. M. A ride of thirty-one miles. We stay here to-night and leave at eight to-morrow on the boat. Hilo is a town of gardens. It is very hot, and rains almost continuously; so the trees are very large and the flowers very beautiful. I shall hope to get a look at it after a while, but at present I am resting. Fortunately, the road from the volcano down is a Government one, and very good, indeed. It is made of lava, covered with black sand, which packs down hard as a floor.

The children and Mrs. Townsend were out with flowers for us as we passed, and I also saw Mr. Hitchcock for a few moments. I am going to have one of his marines, much to my delight, a picture of Diamond Head, where we have passed so many pleasant hours.

Wailua, Maui Islands,

August 20, 1898.

We started at eight o'clock Thursday A. M. for Maui. The night before we sailed we went for a drive to Rainbow Falls, a beautiful fall over a cave, and later to pick out some photographs. Mr. Hitchcock has the most beautiful pictures I have ever seen; they are wonderful works

of art. I bought several photographs, and when you come on you shall see some of the beautiful scenes. I was so glad to get them.

We landed at two o'clock in the morning. There wasn't any excitement at all. For a wonder it was perfectly smooth, the most unheard of thing in the world; usually, the boat pitches and tosses, and you are just grabbed and gotten on shore anyway and anyhow. We took carriages and drove seven miles, got to bed about five, slept until seven, and up to breakfast at eight. We have a very good hotel here, kept by a German; he is also a butcher, a happy combination, for I got my first beefsteak on the island here. The meat is something dreadful in Honolulu, and I do not wonder, for most of it is shipped from the other islands, and the manner of shipping is the worst I have ever seen. There are no docks and no wharves on the island of Maui, and all freight is carried in great wide flat boats, armed by natives who form the crew.

The cattle are lassoed around the horns by a man on horseback, who then dashes into the water, dragging the poor cow after him. He carries the end of the rope to the boat, and the men pull the animal up close and fasten the rope around some pins in the side. This brings the animal's head close up to the boat, with the neck stretched in the most painful manner, the nose up in the air, half the time bleeding, the piteous, wide-open eyes telling how the creature suffers as she turns and twists and tries to get away. About eight cattle are lashed to each boat, which is then pulled to the side of the steamer, a matter of a half-mile. Struggling and kicking, the poor beasts are brought to the side; a sort of cradle is passed under their bodies, and they are swung over the side to the deck, thrown down, the harness pulled out, and then a native twists **their** tails until they struggle to their feet and are dragged to the side, tied tight to the railing, to suffer in seasick misery for another day and night. Talk about cruelty to animals! I never saw anything worse in my life. It is a disgrace to the steamboat company that they permit such a thing. I tell you under

the new order of things that won't long continue. What won't men do for money?

Maunaolu Seminary,
August 22, 1898.

We had a fine time at Wailua, and, best of all, something good to eat. We had to pay for it, but sometimes we have to pay and get nothing. After breakfast on Friday we started for Iao Valley, one of the most lovely on the island. It is rather narrow, and the road runs along the side high above the brawling stream filled with rocks, almost a N. H. stream, except that instead of granite boulders there were only lava rocks, black and brown. We drove as far as Miss Nape's, one of the Hawaiian pupils in the Institute. We stopped at her house, left the carriage, and went the rest of the way on horses. My dear, it would curdle your blood to see the road and what I went over and through that day. When I return, I shall ride anything from a tandem to Tom's most spirited steed. The road wound up an almost perpendicular hill, the trail so washed out that there was nothing but rocks left; over boulders two feet high; along the very edge of a precipice sheer down two hundred and fifty feet; through three streams, one quite wide and full of moss-covered stones. The view was glorious (Father got off his horse to see it better, he said), great hills on either side, five and six thousand feet high; great barren rocks with needle-like pinnacles, and flying buttresses of smaller hills stretching down into the valley. We were on a high tableland, in the centre a grassy plateau, and under the great cocoa trees we ate our lunch.

Miss Nape came as our guide, and told us the legends and stories of the valley. She went down the gorge and picked red roses and ferns, and showed me how to braid a fern lei (wreath). We had a very jolly time, and about five started for the town. I won't say anything about the return, which was ten times worse than the ascent. Father got off, but I stuck to the animal, and arrived at the bottom safely. The view looking down the valley out upon the sea was the most exquisite I have seen yet. The soil of

Maui is perfectly red, and, as we looked out from between our two great dark green barriers, the landscape lay glowing in the sunlight, the blue of the sea, the green of the cane-fields, white sand heaps, red barren fields, and the dark green of the hills all combined in one mosaic of glowing color. I never understood the term "jewelled landscape" before; it was a gem indeed. How I wish you all could see it! I can't half enjoy it for wanting you all to share it.

Saturday I *lay low* all the afternoon, and read a novel. Judge Kalna, a native gentleman of culture and means, invited us to lunch. He has a beautiful place, filled with old Hawaiian furniture, great palm trees, and open lanias, where we took our lunch. We each had yellow plumaria wreaths, or leis, beautifully made. We had poi served in wooden bowls, fine fish, cocoanut water iced, strawberries, green cocoanuts—in short, a characteristic native lunch, beautifully served. Father went with Miss Judd, sister of the former chamberlain to the King, to see some wonderful tapa and the Gilbert Island natives, who weave mats. She sent me one, a beauty, which I suppose you will want upon my return, but which it is needless to say you *won't* get.

I forgot to tell you that at Miss Nape's I was presented with a lovely Hawaiian mat, made out of the pandanus. I shall have to have a Hawaiian corner in the house, I am having so many beautiful things given me.

Then a scramble for the train, and in the most primitive of cars we rode ten miles to Paia, where a wagonette was awaiting us for a drive of eight miles to this lovely school, where we are to be guests for a few days.

Mauna Loa is a beautiful mountain. It slopes gradually, and still is so steep that the horses had to walk nearly every step of the way up to the Seminary. It was a very dusty ride; we were covered thick with the red soil. The view of the two bays below, one on either side of the island, was very beautiful, as were the cloud effects and the grand old mountains we were climbing.

We received a very warm welcome from Mrs. Watson and Miss Alexander, who are in charge here. We have

pleasant rooms opening out upon a porch covered with passion flower vines in bloom, and everything is done to make us comfortable.

This is a school for native girls. They have about seventy when the school is in session. Mrs. Watson has just been showing me some beautiful work that they do — hats, mats, straw for bonnets, drawn work, crochet, hem-stitching, bead and seed work of various kinds. In addition to this, they learn all kinds of housework and lessons besides. They also raise turkeys and chickens and have a garden. The tuition is only fifty dollars a year, so much is given in the way of scholarships, etc.

I have secured quite a number of things here for the museum, specimens of the braids they make, and some mats. Miss Alexander gave me a beautiful piece of tapa, yellow; it is a very old piece, so I am exceedingly fortunate to get it. The native things are becoming very scarce, and one can hardly get a thing for love or money.

Father and a party of fourteen started for the volcano yesterday (to-day is Tuesday), and so I am alone. Mr. Dickey, a brother of Mrs. Wallace, has gone with them. Father was very fortunate, for Mr. Dickey has been to the volcano forty times. The ride was so long that I did not dare attempt it. Mr. Baldwin, a sugar planter here, gave Father his mule to ride, and the keys to his summer house at Olinda, just half-way up the mountain-side. They are to stay there to-night and come down in the morning. People are so nice here. In the mean time, I read, rest, and talk with the teachers, who are a very delightful company of women.

Expect Father and the rest this morning. Had a telephone from Olinda, saying that they had a magnificent time. You should have seen Father mounted on his mule. He looked like Sancho Panza. They had to carry provisions on pack-mules, their blankets behind them, done up in oil-cloth for fear of rain. This volcano is a tremendous one; you could put all of New York City into the yawning depth

of Haleakala. Isn't it a shame that I can't see it? But to go through rain and shine up a terrific road, and to sleep on the floor of a stone hut all night where there was no fire and it was colder than Greenland, was too much for an invalid, and so I didn't urge the point.

Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu.

"Here we are again!" back in Honolulu, the first step towards a return to my native land — not to speak of my children and grandchildren. We were delighted to find a lot of letters awaiting us. It was good to hear from home, I tell you, and the dear ones once more. So my Katrina is walking. Good for her! Won't she run away! If she is anything like her grandma, look for her in Boston; don't spend your time hunting around Brookline. How I long to see her!

We arrived on the steamer this A. M. It seems good to get back to civilization once more. We have two lovely rooms opening out on a broad piazza, and I expect to do lots of resting for the next three days.

Father had a most exciting trip up to the volcano (to return to Wednesday), and his various mishaps have been dribbling out all the week. He was soaked to the skin, thrown over his mule's head twice, lost his way once. He has a black-and-blue spot on his hip about ten by twelve, and it is a picture to see him sit down. Luckily, he selected a soft place for his somersault, or he wouldn't be here to tell the tale. One lady fell off her horse, Mr. Pond was thrown, Mr. Dickey got lost in the crater and did not get back to camp until twelve, and one of the horses got loose and strayed away. They all raved over the scenery, the wonders of the volcano, the great cinder piles, the enormous dykes, and the sunrise, so I suppose it paid, in spite of all.

Thursday A. M. we started down the mountains for our return trip, took the cars to Wailua, were met there by a carriage, and after a pleasant drive of three miles came to a Mr. Kiliacai's, a native teacher, who had invited us there for a night. Mr. K. had a luau, native feast, for us

down at the beach, a broad, beautiful sand beach. Most of the party went in bathing, while I sat in a boat on shore and enjoyed the ocean and the sky. They covered hot stones with tea leaves, then two little pigs were filled with hot stones and put on the tea leaves in the pit. Leaves covered them, then came a layer of fish, more tea leaves, hot stones, and the whole covered with seaweeds and left to cook.

Under a palm leaf canopy was spread a large braided mat, down the centre were tea leaves, arranged in an artistic pattern. On this were bread, butter, bananas, watermelon, poi, cheese, and cake. We all squatted on the mat, and the pig and fish were cut up and passed around on plates. We ate poi with our fingers — and pig, also. There were native girls who waved the palm over us to keep the flies away, and a group of native boys and girls sang and played the Hawaiian songs and music.

We found some beautiful shells on the beach, sea-mosses and funny disks — sea porcupines, I think; then drove home. In the evening we had more music, ice-cream; and some of the natives danced the Hoola.

The next A. M., sick as I was, I insisted upon moving on. We had a delightful drive of twenty-five miles from W. to Lahaina. It was along the cliffs, fine road, and the sea dashing against the rocky walls in great waves six feet high. We were on the dry side of the island, and there wasn't a bit of vegetation. Great red, barren rocks interspersed with cinders, violet, grey, and red, piled and tumbled together in one awful pile. It looked as if some giant had literally peppered the ground with rocks of every kind and description.

We stopped in Lahaina with Mr. and Mrs. Abbott, who have charge of a boys' school there. Lahaina is the famous old town of whaling times, and has some of the oldest houses on the islands. There are ruins of adobe houses, and the old missionary places, looking like a bit of New England. Built utterly regardless of the climate, they stand as prim and precise as if in Salem town, and

you expect to see Joshua Pryne written over the door. Lahaina is given over to the sugar industry almost entirely, and sugar cane even lined the principal streets, coming down into every vacant lot.

We had a jolly time with Mrs. Abbott and her brother — her husband was away. We left their hospitable door at about five for a drive around town before the steamer arrived.

Chinese, Japs, Hawaiians, everybody, out of doors, children without end. The Chinese babies are a joy forever; they are such excellent imitations of the dolls that I want to buy some and carry them home. I just long to see Francis in his Chinese suit; he will be too cunning! I shall shave his head and leave only a crown piece to make him complete.

The trees are the largest I have seen here. Great bread-fruit trees and no end of cocoanut palms. At the school they have everything — figs, dates, pomegranates, guavas, alligator pears, oranges, pines, and all immense trees. The fruit lies on the ground for the pigs and cattle to eat. I saw a beautiful tamarind tree full of fruit; coffee trees, and sugar cane without end.

We visited the Gardener Islanders, who live in straw huts, and saw them weaving hats. Called on an old Hawaiian judge, who has one of the loveliest places in town. He gave me an immense calabash in fine condition.

I added greatly to my collection here of coffee, cane, bamboo cane, fibre from the Gardener Islanders, a polished cocoanut cup, a keyboard of Koa wood, coffee beans, willie-willie beans, an old flint musket of Revolutionary times, and lots of lava specimens. I shall have to charter a steamer to carry away my plunder.

We left the wharf about nine in the bright moonlight, and rowed to the steamer, which lay, a thing of beauty, about a mile from shore. The electric lights, the cries of the boatmen, the hurry and bustle of seeing that our numerous bags were on board, our clean, sweet-smelling berth on deck, the door wide open so I could see the clouds and

the ocean, the tinkle of a Hawaiian banjo — and blessed sleep until five o'clock, when we landed, drove to the hotel, found our letters. If one could travel without trunks, how happy one could be!

Did you ever know such devotion? I am sitting up in bed to get this off by the "China," which came in this morning and goes out this afternoon. I did not hear until late last night that she was expected; so when I heard her whistle at four I said, "My dear ones will get the letter quicker," and so here I am, five o'clock in the morning.

We sail to-morrow, "Miowera," Vancouver; the "China" goes by the way of San Francisco. Had an awfully busy day yesterday and Sunday, too. Am nearly packed for home. Yesterday we drove three hours in the morning, doing our errands, and in the afternoon selected pictures.

We have a fine selection of photographs, and I can give you quite an idea of the islands from them.

Things are pouring in for our school collection, and this morning I must go down and superintend getting that ready. It will be a great thing, but I do begrudge the time it will take to see it properly packed.

Beautiful as this place is, much as I enjoy it, it is too far from you, and my heart stands still as I sometimes think of what might happen.

Pacific Ocean, September, 1898.

I have determined to write a letter here. I will *not* be so lazy. I will do something unusual.

We are three nights and two days nearer you, my children, and I begin to dream of home and the babies. As a Boston celebrity once said, I shall say: "Thank God, I am once more on terra cotta." Not that I am seasick,— I haven't had even a qualm,—but that I am not within telegraphic communication. That has been the worst of the business, that I couldn't reach you or couldn't be reached except by a steamer.

We had a very busy three days before the steamer started, packing and all, and I was thoroughly worn out.

We had four large boxes of specimens and things for the school, three trunks and a telescope, not to speak of bags. Then, too, there were good-byes to be said and people to see.

The boat went out at nine o'clock in the evening, much to our sorrow; but there were a goodly number of our friends down to see us off.

You should have seen the leis I had — fourteen, and they covered me up to my ears. Mr. Dillingham brought two dozen photographs showing the history of annexation, the coming of the troops, and the different ships of the navy. Mrs. Coleman left a lovely mat and a girdle in my state-room (native work). Mr. Miller brought fruits and leis.

Monday P. M.

Dark, cold, dismal. Three days more. How I count the hours as they pass! I can hardly wait until I get all your letters, and know you are safe and well.

Thursday A. M., Eleven O'clock.

Man proposes, but the weather disposes. Here we are, sixteen miles from land — and a deep fog. We are dead-still, not an engine moving, and no knowing when we shall arrive. I have been in bed the better part of three days with a desperate backache; so life hasn't been wildly exciting, to say the least.

I have about read my eyes out; if it hadn't been for books, I should have given up, for I am looking forward to your dear letters, which I know will await me either at Victoria or Vancouver.

We shall telegraph as soon as we land, so your minds will be at rest, for I am sure you will be glad to hear of our safe arrival, and that we are once more in dear old America.

The fog is thicker than ever, and the fog whistle blows every five minutes. Victoria fifty miles away, according to the latest reports.

I see the babies continually. Katherine keeps hopping in, her little curls flying back, and sits on the floor, look-

ing gravely at me. Francis stares at me from his high-chair at the window, then breaks into a happy chuckle that shakes him all over. Dorothy is eating her din-din, and doubling up her little fists in her cradle. I wish I had all three this blessed minute, and wouldn't I hug them!

Later—Three P. M.

Fog-horn still blowing. Still becalmed. It begins to look as if we shouldn't get in in time for the train that leaves at one to-morrow.

Seven O'clock.

We ought to be landing, and here we are going out to sea, for the captain feels we are too near land for safety. I don't believe we can start before Saturday now, and that means that we can't get home before Thursday, unless by a miracle we make connections at St. Paul.

Eight O'clock.

Still foggy; still the fog-horn making night hideous. One of the men said they were becalmed and befogged a week once! "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!" What to do?

Friday, Eleven A. M.

About five this morning the fog lifted, and we got into the strait; now we are slowly forging ahead. The fog-horn is still sending out its unearthly moan over the white and desolate waters.

The birds are coming thick around the vessel, a dozen different kinds, coming by the hundreds. There was a kind of tern about the ship last night, so tame that several were caught by the passengers. Everybody is cross and everybody is cold, so you can imagine it's a gloomy boat.

I'll *never* go so far from you all again, *never*.

Four O'clock.

Not into Victoria even yet, and nobody knows when we shall get in.

7 P. M.

At Victoria at last! Father has gone to telegraph, so I know that you will know we are safe and sound, before many hours. I am so glad that I begin to feel better already.

On the Train, Saturday P. M.

All my blue devils have vanished. There isn't a happier woman in the country. "Richard is himself again."

Such a batch of letters as I found awaiting me. My soul has found peace, for I know it is well with you.

We are rushing along through the dear old scenes so familiar to me. Goldenrod, birches, elms, and spruces. I'm in my "ain countree" once more. I could kiss the clover, it is so a part of my life. Palms are beautiful, Bougainvillea gorgeous, but there is nothing like the things that have been a part of one's life for so long. I feel the beauty of other lands. I *love* my own.

"Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!"

It is a perfect fall day. The air is cool and filled with a hazy smoke that shrouds everything as in mist. There must be great forest fires in the mountains. Just now the sun sets behind the hills, a great fiery globe, and outlined there against a wonderful yellow-grey sky. It was a beautiful effect, one that I have never seen outside of Japanese pictures. The water is a pure blue-green, and the mountains are standing like ghost ridges, fainter and fainter as they fade away and become a part of the almost universal grey. The purple asters are beginning to come out; the fireweed covers all the clearing with patches of silvery white; and in the lowlands the maples flare like fire.

We haven't left the Sound yet, and we see great brown marshes with patches of cat-tails and sluggish, brackish streams running through them. Then we come close to a hill, "rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun," with yellow ferns and birches climbing up its rocky sides, a flaming bit of

color. Now the woods close about us, and we see into their very heart, dim, cool vistas, with here and there a flaming signal telling that the sun stirs and quickens even their peaceful serenity. I can never forgive the stumps and blackened trunks that stand gaunt and forbidding against the sky. They are hideous. The briars refuse to cover them, and even the friendly bushes seem to shrink from them. They are like the sins of youth, once so beautiful, now so uncompromisingly hateful. They are like sins, too, in that it takes so long for them to decay and be swept away; wind and weather cannot uproot or disintegrate them; like King Lear's sorrow, they will not down; in the fairest landscape of the soul they are a blot forever.

Sunday A. M.

I'll take back what I said about the stumps last night. We passed a great, steep hill, where every trunk and every stump was on fire, trailing banners of smoke; and showers of fire scattered from the blazing trunks or shot upward from the immense stumps, spitting fire geysers. It was a grandly beautiful sight, and as we rounded a curve in the mountains, and only a red glow was left striving triumphantly over the hill-top, I knew that the purgatorial fire of true penitence would wipe away their gaunt outlines, and out of their ashes, experience, would come that which would strengthen and nourish and quicken the tender growths at their feet.

My desolate tree trunks are beautiful in the sunlight; it is their life for another's, and "greater love hath no man."

We are passing through the Selkirks, slowly crawling up and up; a leaden grey mountain stream passes swiftly and silently below us, a hundred feet or more. The whole sides of the mountains have been swept by fire; the trunks stand thick to soften the outline of their rocky sides. Patches of snow begin to appear on the distant mountain-tops; rocks and rocks and rocks everywhere, the great storehouse for future generations of farmers; they are the mills, the millers, and the wheat, for they patiently grind them-

selves, and generously give for others. Isn't that the keynote of all nature? An everlasting gift for the benefit of something else.

Dearest and best, how I wish you could see these great, silent sun fields, stretches of brownish-white, that lift themselves above the green of the fir trees that cover the mountain-sides. Great solitary peaks that tower into the sky, everlastingly alone, only the open sky above them, neither hearing nor heeding the brawling, restless stream at their feet.

“‘God’s peace is everlasting’
Are the dream words of their rest.”

I’ve seen my first glacier. A circle of grey rocks rising in sharp peaks, bare as your hand, not a trace of verdure. A great lake of snow, and, running out where the peaks come closer together at each end, a river of snow, grey-white, in some places smooth, in others twisted and drifted. A great, desolate, isolated pile that you would never suppose was the source of all the greenness and beauty below. Out of the sides of the glacier are tiny ribbons of foam that look like silvery threads streaming down the steep declivities. Some of the lateral basins are free of snow, and you realize the grinding force of the ice when you see the great piles of gravel cover the bottom and sides of the fissure.

Now I have seen the two great agents at work changing the face of the globe. Fire and ice, one building up, one tearing down.

We have crossed the divide, and the snow peaks I can see at the end of the valley standing like a ghostly barrier; the river, white-grey-green, comes tumbling, dashing, foaming, and swirling along its rocky bed. We are out of the interminable snow-sheds that stretched their ugly length along. We are down among the peaceful hills again, the land of the sunny birch trees.

Tuesday Noon.

Whizzing down through North Dakota. Will reach

St. Paul to-night, we hope in time for the night train, but very doubtful.

I am getting a little tired, and shall be glad to get home. Pilakea, pilakea! I want a bed that doesn't rock. I long for a bath-tub full to the brim of good, hot water. I want a closet in which to hang up my clothes. I believe I have seen enough scenery to last me for a month.

Out of the Car-window.

Blue sky, floating grey-white clouds, golden edges, and feathery silver fleckings beneath. Hills, hollowed into ravines, carpeted with green and gilded with trees; great oblong bowls with green pines and russet oaks, full to the brim.

I like the scars and rifts on these mellow old fields. They laugh and twinkle like the furrows and wrinkles of some friendly old face.

Brown, purple, and yellow-red and green, with here and there a cotton-field flashing into sight like an untimely frost, the fields stretch out on either hand.

Little rivulets slipping softly over flat, smooth stones, shelving down the hillside. Every tree has a new fall carpet. Oak trees furnish russet-brown; maples, red; chestnuts, yellow. I would like to lie upon them and forget the world.

The yellow maple leaves are like golden butterflies, fluttering over the twigs and limbs: they are the only thing that is alive and aware; all the rest are ready to sleep.

The sumac is burning out; in a moment it will be gone; it is a last expiring flame. The evergreens are soberly patient. They know that all this will pass away, and that they alone endure to the end. They bide their time. How defiantly the maples flaunt the crimson! the oaks are sober and subdued — out of the sun they are already old, and know their day is over, holding humbly to life, fastening and curling around the twigs and branches as if they already felt the icy blast that would hurl them forever away from their airy home, where all the long summer

they had revelled in the sunshine and danced in the breeze.

In the midst of the wood are golden trees, surrounded by flowers — concentrated sunshine, glowing and intense.

It is time to say good-night. The clouds grow dim and purple. Shadows grey and cold gather in the woodland; the breeze comes cool and fresh through the valleys, only the tops of the trees and the distant hills glow in the sunlight. The river is below us in the shadow, a placid grey-green mirror, reflecting the trees on the bank; shadowy and dreamy, it holds them deep in its heart.

One last glow of light; the world is in shadow, only memories are left. Good-night; no, O my beloved, day will come again, and all the dull and drear will glow with new life — you will be with me again and my life will have a new joy and a sure hope. I love you.

MEMORIAL RESOLUTIONS

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB

Resolved, That in the death of Mrs. Frances Parker The Fortnightly Club of Chicago, in common with other literary and educational societies, sustains a great loss.

Although, in consequence of ill-health, Mrs. Parker has recently been unable to be much with us, her interest in everything pertaining to the society has never flagged.

As Mrs. Parker belonged with the moderns, it is all the more remarkable that the conspicuous feature of her history should have been her self-effacement in this life-work of her husband. It became her life-work and happy interest to supplement and sustain him in his educational endeavors.

She was a patient worker along broad lines for the common good, and we feel sure that her efforts have lost nothing in efficiency because they were unobtrusive and impersonal.

It seems good to speak of and emphasize the fact that the dear member who has gone did what she could to make life's story fair, as the number of grateful testimonials received from pupils all over the country, and from others, old and young, abundantly testify.

Resolved, That this expression of our deep sense of loss and of our appreciation of her worth be spread upon the records and copies be sent to her husband and children.

Signed: ANNIE M. ELA.
MARY H. WILMARTH.
ALICE L. WILLIAMS.

CHICAGO WOMAN'S CLUB

Whereas death has removed our former esteemed friend and co-worker in the Department of Education, Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker, it is therefore



HOUSE AT ENGLEWOOD

Resolved, That we recognize the conspicuous position which she occupied in the outposts of all educational and progressive movements, and that we also recognize her literary ability and public spirit.

Resolved, That we deplore the loss of a friend and sister member—a woman of high aims, and one whose influence has always been broad and elevating.

We request that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to Colonel Parker, who, like his wife, ever has been in sympathy with the work and growth of this Club.

ELLA R. JACKMAN.

E. PARKER.

OLIVE WESTON.

THE CHICAGO POLITICAL EQUALITY LEAGUE

The following memorial tribute to Mrs. Parker was given by Mrs. Celia Parker Woolley at the meeting of the League, May 6, 1899, and adopted as an expression of the League's regard:

"Mrs. Parker was a woman whose pleasing manners and agreeable presence were the signs of a rich and harmonious nature. Her tastes, disposition, and principles combined to impart a moral unity to her character and create a distinct and happy personality. In her chosen life-work as an educator she worked along the lines of true physical development. She was a teacher of the Delsartean principles, which aim through bodily grace and strength to afford the living spirit within a freer means of expression. Her labors as a teacher were, however, confined to no single branch or department. She was actively interested in the entire work of education, an intelligent and sympathetic co-worker with her husband in his lifelong efforts to secure better methods in the school-room and to enlarge and dignify the teacher's calling. Mrs. Parker was a radical thinker, a woman of original, progressive ideas, with the full courage of her convictions, which her talent as a platform speaker enabled her to present in the most convincing and pleasing way. She was of a gracious and kindly temperament, and found warm friends

and admirers wherever she went. Her work among the host of pupils who have been under her charge will bear fruit in a widening power of usefulness and a growing love and esteem. Death, that ends the earthly phase of a life so well lived, brings both a sense of loss and gain, but the gain shall exceed the loss. Whatever the world has once possessed in true inspiration or noble memory it can never really lose. So our friend continues to abide with us as a beautiful remembrance, an inspiring example and ideal. She has joined 'the choir invisible,'

'Whose music is the gladness of the world.' "

MEMORIAL MEETING FOR COLONEL PARKER

At the memorial meeting held for Colonel Parker in the Auditorium April 19, 1902, Mr. Orville T. Bright, Superintendent of Cook County Schools, spoke as follows:

"This brief sketch of Colonel Parker's work in Englewood would be incomplete without reference to his home and the beautiful spirit that presided therein. Mrs. Parker was her husband's constant adviser and oftentimes his inspiration in all matters pertaining to his school work. Her unfaltering allegiance and never-failing courage were his strong support. A woman of rare accomplishments, of fine literary and artistic tastes, her home became a centre of attraction for teachers and townspeople of culture and refinement. It was my high privilege to be frequently welcomed as a guest in this home, and to share with a few others each Sunday afternoon during the last few months of Mrs. Parker's life the charm of her conversation, which was unimpaired by physical pain and weakness. She was dominated to the very last by the keenest interest in all that pertained to the new school which was then under consideration. And, though she could not live to see her dream fulfilled, the memory of her glorious heroism and devotion will ever be an inspiration to those who shall carry on the work.

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL

The members of the Normal Training Class of 1899 wish

to express their sincere sympathy for you in your great bereavement. As a slight expression of appreciation of Mrs. Parker's work in connection with the school, they wish to provide a permanent memorial in her honor.*

On behalf of the class,

EVA KENDALL,

Pres. of Class.

ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF ELOCUTIONISTS

Since the organization of our Association, in 1892, the silent messenger of death has never laid its hand on any of our members till now. One of our ablest, most beloved, has been taken from us. Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker was made First Vice-President of our Association at the date of its organization. Her naturally high ideals of life, art, and education in its various phases; her early training in the æsthetics of expression; her rich experience as a member of the faculty of the Boston Monroe School of Oratory; her ability and experience in and enthusiasm for organization designed to promote the betterment of society and art—all combined to make her one of the ablest and most useful members. Her text-book on expression, together with her other written contributions to art, her lectures all over America, most beautifully and potently emphasize her nobility of life and character, and have left an indelible impression upon the world, and especially upon our Association that so deeply mourns her loss.

Therefore, be it Resolved, That this Association note with deepest sorrow the death of Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker; that we cherish with immortal remembrance her courtesy and hospitality, her inspiring lectures and kindly criticism, her purity and sweetness of life and manner, which so endeared her to us all, and that we extend to her bereaved husband and family our profound sympathy.

HENRY M. SOPER, Chairman,

MARTHA FLEMING,

MYRA POLLARD,

Committee on Resolutions.

* This memorial was a large picture of Watts' Sir Galahad.

CHICAGO NORMAL SCHOOL ALUMNI

We, the Alumni of the Chicago Normal School, wish to express to you our deep sympathy for your irreparable loss in the death of Mrs. Parker, and our appreciation of how much her enthusiasm and steadfastness of purpose have given to the spirit of the school.

Some of us knew her as a great personal influence for good in our lives, and others as a familiar presence in the school. All of us felt her interest and love behind things, and all have been helped and inspired in our work by the great collection of art and literature upon which she spent so much time and loving care.

With you, we have been glad of her presence; with many people, we rejoice that she lived. For such lives there is no death.

We would that our love and sympathy could make your grief even a little less.

ELSIE WYGANT,
MARY HATTENDORF,
ELSA MILLER,
Committee.

EASTERN BRANCH OF THE COOK COUNTY NORMAL SCHOOL
ALUMNI

We wish to express our deep sympathy and heartfelt appreciation of the loss which the school has sustained in the past year through the death of one who combined to a rare degree intellectual brilliancy and womanly tact; who possessed the keen insight and ready sympathy which made her friendship an inspiration to faithfulness, an incitement to courage, and a challenge to strength.

LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE

Chicago, Ill.

My dear Colonel Parker,—I write to express my deep sympathy with you in your loss. While I did not know Mrs. Parker well, I knew her well enough to be acquainted with her unflagging courage, her disposition, so full of cheer and hope, and her never-failing interest in all the realities of life. I can imagine what a break in the firm-knit companionship of such long years means. Her memory is a deep inspiration to many, who share to some degree in your loss, and it is in this community of loss and hope and love that we must hope to find our strength.

Sincerely yours,

JOHN DEWEY.

Brookline, Mass.

My dear Colonel Parker,—The news that Mrs. Parker has passed to the other side was heard with deep regret. I know how much she has been in your life, and how hard it will be for you to go without her. I hope and pray that the help and strength which she has given you may remain, and that you may be enabled to complete and perfect the good work which you are doing. True education is eternal, and we may be sure that what we accomplish will stand and will be a source of satisfaction through all the future.

With kind regards and sincere sympathy for you and the members of your family, who are with you,

I remain your friend,

SAMUEL T. DUTTON.

New York.

My dear Colonel,—God bless you, my dear old friend! I know it is almost useless to say, "Bear up," but I do say it and know you will struggle with all your might, and you

will march on in the devotion you have for the great cause of education, in which she was such a coadjutor as no man ever had before. Moved by her spirit, you will labor as you have never hitherto labored in the great cause she dignified with her high courage and brave heart throughout a rarely beautiful and useful life.

Yours sympathetically and faithfully,
CHAS. H. HAM.

Winnetka, Ill.

My dear Friend,— . . . Hers was a beautiful, valuable life, generously spent for her friends and the grand work of helping to ennoble and enrich our educational system. We all rejoice to have had her beautiful ministry, and are richer to the end of time because she dwelt for a space among us. . . .

Your friend,

JESSIE WILLARD BOLTE.

Chicago, Ill.

My dear Colonel Parker,— I in common with thousands of teachers in this city and state and country bow my head in sorrow and sympathy at notice of that great silence that has fallen upon your home and life. The long struggle, needing more courage than to face an army with banners, was bravely made, and to-day the weary victor is at rest.

Most sincerely,

W. H. CAMPBELL.

Hinsdale, Ill.

Dear Colonel Parker,— . . . When I was a shy and ignorant young girl, she saw that I needed the help she knew so well how to give. She offered it quietly, and she gave me fully and graciously this assistance toward realizing my best self — though it cost her many a leisure hour. Her influence has helped me ever since, though this was many years ago — and with the influence lives a tender memory of the giver. . . .

Yours,

BERTHA PAINE.

Montebello, Charlottesville, Va.,

My dear Colonel Parker,— . . . Though I have met Mrs. Parker but once, I have never forgotten her. Her sweet, sympathetic nature, her enthusiasm for progressive efforts, and her remarkable intelligence are still in my memory as I observed them during my short visit to your home. . . .

Yours very sincerely,

MAXMILIAN P. E. GROTZMAN.

Pray let me have a word from you in regard to my dear friend. What has happened, what has come to her to end that still so young, so hopeful, and so promising a life?

She seemed so well when we last saw her, and her last letters to me sounded so joyous, so full of life and pride for you on account of your re-election, and the recognition that had come to you for your services to education, and I already rejoiced at the expectation of meeting her on my intended summer trip West.

LOUIS PRANG.

I am shocked and deeply grieved at the news of Mrs. Parker's death, which has just reached me, and I hasten to express my affectionate and deep sympathy with you in your irreparable loss.

Keep up a stout heart, and be of good cheer; the end is not yet.

NICHOLAS MURRAY BUTLER.

I have just opened the Sunday "Inter-Ocean" of April 2d, in which I find the announcement of the death of your dear wife.

I have always remembered my brief visit at your home, so many years ago, with a great deal of pleasure.

Mrs. Parker was a marvel of a woman to meet. Her kind, unobtrusive manner was very attractive.

We have lost a good worker in the suffrage cause, as well as in every reform for the uplifting of humanity.

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Looking out upon the purpling hills to-day, it comes to me that your dear one has found the only repose that satisfies the hungry soul, and it makes me glad to feel sure that the activity of her mind and the energy of her zealous spirit have found in the universe infinite subjects of investigation, and answers to every problem that interested and pleased her during the journey to the stars. If we might only lift the veil!

CLARA CONWAY.

Almost irresistibly I take my pen to express to you the exceedingly high esteem in which I held Mrs. Parker, and sincerely regret that the educational world has lost one of the greatest women this country has produced.

C. S. YOUNG.

To have known and loved such a dear woman as Mrs. Parker, even from afar, has been a privilege, and those who lived within the charmed circle of her nearer influence can never, while they live, pass beyond its power and abiding presence.

What a record of years and talents devoted to uplifting, educating, and purifying the world! How her memory will burn brighter, as we all rise to a fuller realization of all to which she aspired and largely accomplished ere she was called away!

The few hours in which I knew her have given me an inspiration for the rest of my life.

EMMA L. DILLINGHAM.

There are many women Mrs. Parker helped who will feel as I do, that a noble and helpful woman has left us for a little while. I did not know until long afterwards how much she had done for me, for all true work that we do for each other is as a seed planted.

LAURA STEELE.

Mrs. Parker's influence upon the thought of the teachers is so potent still, and every room in our school is so eloquent of her helpful spirit, that I can scarcely persuade myself that I have never met her.

ANTOINETTE B. HOLLISTER.

Other letters and resolutions were received from the following friends and associations:

Sarah Hackett Stevenson.	E. O. Lyte.
L. Seeley.	Edmund J. James.
James L. Hughes.	Clarence E. Meleney.
Sadie American.	Edgar Burgess.
Amos L. Kellogg.	C. C. Van Liem.
Lydia Avery Coonley-Ward.	Jessie Warder.
W. E. Pulsifer.	W. A. McIntyre.
Russell Hinman.	Carrie E. Myers.
Kate S. Kellogg.	Carlotta P. Scobey.
Nellie Lathrop Helm.	Frances Effinger Raymond.
Elinor O. Westcott.	Mrs. J. V. D. Pennypacker.
H. D. Fulton,	Graham Taylor.

Commander Meade Post.
George G. Meade Post No. 444.
Ella F. Young Club.
George Howland Club.
Hilo Teachers' Union.
Cook County Teachers' Association.
Faculty of the New Orleans Normal School.
Englewood Woman's Club.
Woman's Club of Austin.
Home Club Fortnightly.

NEWSPAPER EDITORIALS

THE WOMAN'S TRIBUNE, Washington, D. C., April 22, 1899

A woman whom, once having met, you could never forget, and whom, knowing in a capacity which admitted of calling her friend, you would always have a sense of richness added to life, was Frances Stuart Parker. The first time I came within the influence of her gracious presence was in 1884, when attending a meeting of the A. A. W. in Chicago, and stopping at the hotel where were Colonel Parker and his wife, then recently from Boston. I did not meet them, but saw and heard much of them, and a year or two afterwards found Mrs. Parker active in a suffrage convention at Englewood. It was arranged that I should be her guest that night, and since then my Chicago home, in transit, has been with her.

Mrs. Parker, who had been, before her marriage, teacher of elocution and Delsarte in the School of Oratory in Boston, threw herself heartily into the educational work of her husband, Colonel F. W. Parker, in the East in the Martha's Vineyard Summer School, and then in the West, where Colonel Parker has made a distinctive name in the educational world, as writer and as advocate of new methods in education, which were being worked out in the Cook County Normal School. Mrs. Parker has been intimately associated with her husband's work. Whatever she might have been doing in her own special line as a lecturer and writer on dress reform and voice culture, or in the associations for various lines of woman's work, in which she was an active and influential member, the unique and progressive work of her husband in the educational field seemed always nearest her heart. One of the beautiful services she rendered it was to arrange and classify clippings and pictures on all subjects that would be likely to interest or instruct the pupils, and these were placed in

the Normal School Library for reference. Mrs. Parker has done more to popularize a healthful and artistic style of dress than any other woman. Her book, "Dress and How to Improve It," is the standard on this subject. Notwithstanding the rich achievements of her life along so many lines, Mrs. Parker was only fifty-one years of age at the time of her death. Before the mysteries of life and eternity, which make it right that she whose earthly existence meant so much to family, friends, and the large circle outside who knew and appreciated her, should pass on thus early from surroundings and companionship which were all that could make a human being happy and useful, we must be dumb and patient. Perhaps it may help us to have faith that it is right and just if we keep in mind the broad scope of life and work, and realize that one may be all the more needed for the larger mission, that can only be performed by the disembodied soul, by reason of the very perfection of life here.

EDUCATIONAL REVIEW, May, 1899

After a long illness, heroically borne, Frances Stuart Parker, wife of Colonel Francis W. Parker, has passed away. Even old friends hesitate, at such a time, to give expression to what is in their thoughts. But it is permissible to record here our sense of appreciation of the grave loss which education has suffered in Mrs. Parker's death. Wise, far-seeing, vigilant, enthusiastic, untiring, Mrs. Parker, both in her own name and as her distinguished husband's helpmate, was a potent force in the struggle for higher ideals in American education and in American life. Her influence and her example are not time's servants.

THE SCHOOL JOURNAL, April 15, 1899

In the death of Mrs. Parker, Chicago has lost an excellent teacher and Colonel Parker his mainstay. Ever since their marriage, in 1882, Mrs. Parker's work has been so united with that of her husband that it would be difficult to say what part

has been his and what part hers. She has been, moreover, an excellent teacher, and the pupils who owe to her their present success as teachers and elocutionists number many hundreds, and probably several thousands. She has been a powerful factor in interpreting Colonel Parker to the world. Many times in the presence of a class he has attempted to state his ideas when, seeing her shake her head, he felt that he was not always understood, and the statement would be re-made by her, always with clearness and force.

AMERICAN PRIMARY TEACHER, May, 1899

The death of Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, wife of Col. Francis W. Parker, on April 2d, removes from among us a woman widely known and much respected and beloved. Her devotion to the Chicago Normal School (formerly Cook County Normal School), her service to the Colonel in all his educational activities, her influence in many lines of philanthropic and educational work, as well as her charming personality, will cause her to be greatly missed.

HAWAIIAN GAZETTE, April 21, 1899

Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker will be remembered as having given a course of lectures at Progress Hall last summer. She made many friends while here, who were shocked to hear the sad news of her death. She was born in Boston, where she became well known through her connection with educational work. She was one of the leading exponents of Delsarte of the country. She possessed a trained and pleasing voice, and was an able lecturer. At the time of her death she was a prominent member of educational societies and women's leagues.

EDUCATIONAL JOURNAL OF WESTERN CANADA, April, 1899

There are few teachers in Manitoba to whom the news of the death of Mrs. Frances Stuart Parker will not come as a painful shock. A few of Mrs. Parker's many warm friends in the province were aware that since her visit to Mani-

toba, during the autumn of 1897, under the auspices of the Provincial Teachers' Association, her health had been somewhat uncertain, but none even suspected that her condition was so serious as to betoken a fatal issue.

Frances Stuart had achieved a national reputation as a teacher in the Boston School of Oratory when, in 1882, she became the wife of the distinguished educationist, Col. Francis W. Parker, who was at that time supervisor of the Boston Schools. It is not enough to say that she has been the devoted helpmate of the most heroic figure in the educational life of this continent. She has followed her chief to the field and has stood by his side in the heat and stress of the battle for educational reform, for sounder methods, for broader sympathy, until in the discussion of the Cook County Normal School and the educational forces that have radiated therefrom we have come to speak of the influence of the Parkers. It is not too much to say that, of all the outside influences which have directed and moulded educational thought in Manitoba, the most potent for good has been the influence of the Parkers. Mrs. Parker's talks on Expression and Child Study are still fresh in the minds of teachers and have exercised an influence for good which cannot be estimated. She not only pleaded earnestly and eloquently for the development of that divine instrument, the human voice, but she set before us a well-nigh perfect model. Here was a lesson in which theory and practice were in perfect accord. Her addresses on Child Study have done much to lead teachers to a more loving and sympathetic knowledge of child life. Mrs. Parker was an example of well-poised womanhood — the new woman in the highest and best sense, the true teacher, one whose influence shall "roll from soul to soul, and grow forever and forever."

JOURNAL OF EDUCATION, April 6, 1899

Mrs. Frank Stuart Parker, wife of Colonel F. W. Parker of the Chicago Normal School, died in their home on April 1, after a painful illness of several weeks. She knew from the first that recovery was impossible, that she could not live to

see the brightness of another summer, and yet she was as cheerful and courageous as in the days of her most exuberant life. She always talked, and insisted that others should talk, as if she were to live for years. She planned for herself and others just as if she were to get up and renew her service to the world. It is needless to say that her husband devoted himself to her with all the enthusiasm of his nature. Her daughters, who are married and living in the East, both went to her and added to the courage and cheer of the home. At last there was a warning of a few hours that the end had come, and then they faced the inevitable, but there was not a flutter of anxiety on her part. It was beautiful recognition of the relation of life to its close.

WESTERN SCHOOL JOURNAL

On April 1, in Chicago, Frank Stuart, wife of Col. Francis W. Parker of the Chicago Normal School, died, in the fifty-first year of her age. Mrs. Parker was almost as well known as the Colonel himself. She was a brilliant woman, of fascinating personality. Colonel Parker has the sympathy of all his friends, and they are wherever teachers are to be found.

MANCHESTER DAILY MIRROR, April 3, 1899

DEATH OF MRS. F. W. PARKER

Wife of the distinguished educator of Chicago, and well-known in this city

Mr. John Cayzer, of West Manchester, is in receipt of a telegram from Col. F. W. Parker, of the Chicago Normal School, announcing the death of his wife. Mrs. Parker was well known in this city, where she had frequently visited, and was greatly beloved by all who enjoyed her acquaintance. Her last visit here was about a year ago, on the occasion of her husband's address before the Parker Veteran Club at the high school building. This club is an outgrowth of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers, which regiment Col. Parker commanded during the war between the North and South.

C. L. BICKETTS
CHICAGO

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FRANCES STUART PARKER: REMINISCENCES AND



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